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SONGS
AND
MYRMS
OF THE
CIVIL

MACBEAN.



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SONGS AND HYMNS OF THE GAEL.

THE
SONGS AND HYMNS
OF THE GAEL,
WITH TRANSLATIONS AND MUSIC,

AND AN INTRODUCTION.

BY L. MACBEAN.

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1900.

AMMOPLAKO NOVAKI
SALINOMA ZOJITA
VYKANED

PREFACE.

THE very kind reception given to this collection by the Press has emboldened the Editor to allow it to be republished. There are other very excellent collections of Highland Music and Songs, but as this book contains several melodies not printed elsewhere (for example, Nos. 3, 8, 16, and 31 of Part I., and Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 32 of Part II.), and as there is as yet no other collection of Highland Sacred Music, it is perhaps not desirable that the book should remain out of print.

Cordial thanks are here tendered to the many friends who have kindly assisted in collecting or revising either tunes or words.

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HIGHLAND SONGS, HYMNS, AND MUSIC.

WHE Songs of the Scottish Highlands form a literary heritage that will well repay study. They are remarkably rich in the lighter graces of poetry—endless variety of metrical form, and opulence of rhyme, and melodies that are both striking and sweet. Their characteristic beauties and their limitations are perhaps both alike due to their being so intensely native. The feelings expressed are simple, and scenery and incidents are redolent of the Highlands. At a period when the popular songs of other countries were stilted and artificial, the songs of the North were natural and true. English versifiers might affect longings after the myrtle groves and artificial poses of classic times, but the Gaelic bards delineated with loving art the beauties of the mountain landscapes, and the deep, simple emotions of Highland hearts.

The LOVE OF NATURE in all her moods is indeed the deepest characteristic of Highland song, which in this anticipated the loftier flights of Burns and Wordsworth. A good example of Duncan Ban Macintyre's appreciation of Nature will be found in No. 17 of this collection, "Coire Cheathaich," and it pervades the muse of his contemporary, Alexander Macdonald, whose praise of the moorland heather is worth translating—

The bonny, clinging, clustering
Dear heather growing slenderly,
With snowy honey lustering
And tassels hanging tenderly ;
In pink and brownish proud array,
With springy flexibility,
With scented wig all powdery,
To keep up its gentility.

In more dignified strain we have the ode to the sun by Ossian, or some unknown bard—

Thou movest in thy might alone,
For who hath power to travel near ?
The ageless oak shall yet fall prone,
The hoary hills shall disappear.
The changing main shall ebb and flow,
The waning moon be lost in night,
Thou only shalt victorious go,
Forever joying in thy light.

The LOVE SONGS, numerous, full of headlong passion, and set to very attractive melodies,

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form the largest class, and their fervour and naiveté give them a certain piquancy which is not unpleasing. But the graces and felicities of the HOME are not forgotten; there are many poetic addresses to newly-made brides and frolicking boys and girls, and lullabies to the babies. One of the most popular songs in the Highlands is a lilt to a little Highland lassie—

O, my darling Mary, O, my dainty pearl !
O, my rarest Mary, O, my fairest girl !
Lovely little Mary, treasure of my soul,
Sweetest, neatest Mary, born in far Glen Smole.

The PATRIOTIC SONGS are a large class, for the Highlanders love their barren land—“her very dust to them is dear.” Her historic scenes and the Highland dress, language, and music are never-failing themes, in discoursing on which the bards occasionally added such half-serious and wholly forgiveable touches of exaggeration as the following—

Now, let me tell you of the speech and music of the Gael,
For Gaelic is a charming tongue to tell a bardic tale,
Fain would I sing its praises—pure and rushing, ready, ripe,
For Gaelic’s best language, the best music is the pipe !

But of all the Northern songs the elegies and other LAYS OF SORROW are the most striking and characteristic. The Highland Lament is a thing by itself, having no exact counterpart in any other language, its wild, rich music presenting a perfect picture of the weird and grand scenery in which it had its origin. The Gaelic race has been cradled into poetry by suffering, and its spirit has been bathed in the gloom of lonely glens and northern skies. Hence its songs have always given superb expression to what Ossian calls “the joy of grief.” There is, however, this difference, that while in the older songs the sadness is unrelieved and oppressive, the more modern introduce a chord of sweetness to form a very luxury of sorrow. Thus a bard laments the death of a child—

She died—as dies in eastern skies
The rosy clouds the dawn adorning ;
The envious sun makes haste to rise
And drown them in the blaze of morning.

She died—as dies upon the gale
A harp’s pure tones in sweetness blending.
She died—as dies a lovely tale
But new begun, yet sudden ending.

In bright contrast to these lays of grief are the HUMOROUS SONGS—serio-comic ballads, parodies, and biting satires, the latter being far too numerous.

With the exception of the wickedness in these satiric outbursts and a passing wave of depravity that swept over Highland poesy in the end of last century, the songs are pure and noble. Their ETHICS are remarkably high, and their continued popularity and influence among the Gaelic population must be regarded with satisfaction.

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The LANGUAGE in which these lyrics have been composed is one that is unusually well fitted to be the vehicle of sentiment, readily lending itself to those little garnishments in which Celtic poets delight. It is rich, mellifluous, and copious in poetic terms, especially adjectives, which the bards used with lavish but discriminate profusion. Of its expressiveness and natural poetry, these bards had the highest opinion —

This is the language Nature nursed
And reared her as a daughter ;
The language spoken at the first
By air and earth and water,
In which we hear the roaring sea,
The wind, when it rejo'ces,
The rushes' chant, the river's glee,
The valley's evening voices.

From a literary point of view one great charm of Gaelic verse lies in the extraordinary diversity and complexity of its METRES. Abundant use is made of the ordinary measures familiar in English poetry—the iambus and the trochee—but recourse is also had to the difficult anapaest and the high-strung daetyl, and all four are woven into numberless combinations, such as would delight the soul of an English poet, but of which English itself is unfortunately incapable on account of its limited selection of dissyllabic and trisyllabic rhymes. A common device of the Gaelic bards was to make the latter half of each stanza the first of the next stanza, as in No. 12, Part I., of this collection. Of course, that arrangement required the same rhyme to be maintained throughout the whole song, but such is the wealth of Gaelic assonance that this was accomplished with ease. Indeed, it is no unusual thing for eleven out of twelve lines to rhyme, and sometimes one rhyme is carried through twenty verses. The most common form of verse in all Gaelic poetry—Scottish and Irish, ancient and modern—is one in which the close of one line rhymes with an accented syllable in the middle of the following line. This leonine rhyme may be exemplified by the opening verse of the ancient poem known as “The Aged Bard’s Wish”—

Oh, lay me by the burnie’s *side*,
Where gently *glide* the limpid streams,
Let branches bend above my *head*,
And round me *shed*, O Sun ! thy beams.

But in many songs every line bristles with rhymed words, often words of more than one syllable, as in the song No. 16 or hymn No. 4. This free use of intricate rhymes, combined with the headlong sweep of rhythm found in the best songs, can only be imperfectly reproduced in English, but an imitation of one of Macdonald’s stanzas may illustrate some points of the literary structure of Gaelic verse—

Clan Ranald, ever glorious, victorious nobility,
A people proud and fearless, of peerless ability,
Fresh honours ever gaining, disdaining servility,

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Attacks can never move them but prove their stability.
High of spirit, they inherit merit, capability,
Skill, discreetness, strength and featness, fleetness and agility :
Shields to batter, swords to shatter, scatter with facility
Whoever braves their ire and their fiery hostility.

Neither is the aid of apt alliteration neglected in the adornment of these songs, which indeed possess, in an unusual degree, all the attractions of form and colour found in the best lyrical poetry.

The Music of Gaelic Songs bears a family resemblance to that of the Scottish Lowlands, but with all its peculiarities accentuated. In point of fact, the music of South and North was originally the same, for the Scottish Lowlanders in discarding the ancient language of the Scots had the good sense to retain their melodies. Further, it is well known that from the days of Burns, and probably from a much earlier date, the national music of Scotland has been increasingly enriched by the adaptation of Gaelic tunes to Scotch or English words. These tunes follow closely the rhythm of the Gaelic words, and therein lie much of their undoubted power and originality. But this very connection has a peculiar effect on the English songs, to which many of the airs are wedded. All Gaelic words are accented on the first syllable, and in consequence lines end with an unaccented, or sometimes two unaccented syllables. Of course, the melodies follow this peculiarity—the tunes, or parts of a tune, seldom ending on the note after the bar. In the English and Scotch dialects, however, the range of dissyllabic and trisyllabic rhymes is extremely narrow, and Scottish poets have been compelled to eke it out by using diminutives and plurals, and adding numerous “O’s” at the ends of lines, in their efforts to bend the intractable Saxon tongue to the cadences of Gaelic music. Similarly the characteristic of Scottish airs, known as “the Scotch snap,” is to be attributed to the greater difference made in Gaelic between vowels that are long and accented and those that are short and unaccented. The absence of the seventh note, B (te), in the ancient Scottish scale no doubt added to the quaintness of the national airs, but a much more striking feature was, and is, its modal character. The old harpers are said to have been extremely fond of the major mode, *an Í*, but that mode does not obtain in Gaelic tunes, as now sung, the predominance which it has in other modern music. One of the stumbling-blocks which the ordinary musician finds in Scottish music is that, not content with the ordinary major or even the more uncommon minor, it must wander away into the rough and unfamiliar Dorian mode. But in Gaelic music this peculiarity is emphasised, the tunes in the mode of the second (ray) being, if anything, more numerous than those in any other mode, while it is not unusual to meet with melodies in the modes of the third, fourth, and fifth notes of the scale. Probably, however, the intrinsic beauties of Gaelic airs will be found sufficient recompense for these and other singularities which, in the eyes of many admirers, are but additional beauties.

The HYMNS of the Scottish Highlands have hitherto attracted little notice ; nevertheless they are fairly numerous and many of them possess great merit. They are never used in public

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worship now, but they were certainly used in early times, and a few hymns of the ancient Columban Church have been preserved in monastic libraries—antique compositions in Latin or Gaelic, or both. In the middle ages the sacred poetry would seem to have been of a lower type—imaginary conversations like the so-called “Prayer of Ossian,” preserved in the Dean of Lismore’s Book (1512), and verses to be used as charms. The modern sacred poetry of the North began with Dugald Buchanan by the shores of Loch Rannoch about the middle of last century, but the most voluminous and popular writer of Gaelic hymns has been the Rev. Peter Grant of Strathspey, whose collection, first issued in 1809, is highly esteemed throughout the Highlands and the Gaelic districts of Canada, under the name of the lays of Padruig Grannal. Besides these poets there have been many hymn-writers in the North—MacGregor, MacLean, Morrison, and others, some of whom have contributed but one successful hymn to the sacred anthology of their country. In that anthology it will be found that, along with undoubted orthodoxy, there is a certain echo of the secular songs, which is particularly noticeable in the use of poetic phrases such as *Dià nan dùl*, “God of the elements,” *Dià nam fèar*, “God of (many) attributes,” *Slanuighean nam buadh*, “Saviour of (many) victories.” The hymnology of the Highlands shows little trace of the religious currents of the present century, and its chief characteristic is a sad earnestness, rising at times into a passionate pessimism. A stern theology harmonises well with the environment and history of the Highlander, and whether as Pagan or as Calvinist he is most like himself when chanting eternal “Misereres” of unutterable pathos. The three great themes of Highland hymns are Sin, Death, and Judgment—a trinity which is very real to the sacred bard, and whose shadow lies across all his thoughts. Hence the solemnity and awe of many of the hymns. What English poet would think of presenting for our meditation a picture such as this—

For mortal man life is quickly past,
The King of Terrors shall hold him fast,
When sick and dying, behold him crying—
“Ah! tell me, friends, is this death at last?”

“What throes of anguish are these,” he saith,
“That rend my bosom and stop my breath?
New terror thrills me, strange horror chills me—
Oh, tell me truly, can this be death?”

Yet the pages of Buchanan and Grant contain verses even more terrible than these. At the same time it would be a grave misrepresentation to say that all Highland hymns are of this gloomy cast; even in the present collection will be found many Christian songs of the brightest and happiest description, though, happily, the language contains no hymns that show the levity frequently found in popular English hymn-books.

The SACRED MUSIC of the Highlands has a close affinity to the secular melodies, and in some cases Gaelic and other suitable tunes seem to have been adapted to sacred words. But numbers of the hymns have their own proper tunes, many of them sweet, expressive, and in every way worthy to be the exponents of religious feeling.

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Besides the hymn tunes, there is another class of sacred melodies in the Highlands which is very interesting—the Psalm tunes, which differ widely from those familiar to the English-speaking world. This is specially true of the small number of very long and elaborate tunes that have been used in the North for many generations, and which are known as the “old” tunes. Their origin is unknown, for though there is a tradition that they were brought into Scotland by devout Highland soldiers returning from the Protestant wars of Gustavus Adolphus, they bear little resemblance to the Psalm tunes of Sweden and Germany. If, indeed, any such imported foreign music formed the basis of Gaelic psalmody, the superstructure has probably been moulded by the chants used in Highland worship before the importation took place. In the Psalm tunes as we now have them, the predominance of local colouring is very marked, and it may be said that, even more than the unquestionably native music of the hymns, these Psalm tunes express the deep seriousness of Highland religion.

The present collection contains the six “old” tunes, as well as the Highland forms of the modern Psalm tunes, and in preparing it the editor has had the intelligent and valuable assistance of Gaelic-speaking ministers and precentors.



PART I.

Songs of the Gael.

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SONGS OF THE GAEL.

1—MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH—MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

KEY B⁷.—*Beating twice to the measure.*

A. Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shnil,
Gur trom a thus mi gradh dhuit,
Tha d' iomhaigh, ghaoil, is d' ailleachd
A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
Gu bheil mo mbiann 's mo ghaol ort,
S' ged chaidh mi uat air faondradh
Cha chaochail mo rùn.

Nuaир bha ann ad lathaир
Bu shona bha mo laithean,
A sealbhachadh do mhanrain
Is àille do ghnuis.

Gnus aoidheil, blanail, mhalda,
Na h-oigh is caomha nadur,
I snairce, ceanail, baigheil,
Lan grais agus imuirn.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn gheannar,
Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh,
An gleann fad o shuil.

O maid whose face is fairest,
The beauty that thou bearest,
Thy witching smile the rarest,
Are ever with me.

Though far from thee I'm ranging
My love is not estranging,
My heart is still unchanging
And aye true to thee.

Oh, blest was I when near thee,
To see thee and to hear thee,
These memories still endear thee
For ever to me.

Thy smile is brightest, purest,
Best, kindest, demurest,
With which thou still allurest
My heart's love to thee.

Where Highland hills are swelling
My darling has her dwelling;
A fair wild rose excelling
In sweetness is she.

2—OCH, OCH ! MAR THA MI—OCH, OCH ! HOW LONELY.

KEY F.—*With expression.*

Neo-bhinn an fhuaim leam a dhuisg o m' shualn mi,
'Se tighinn a nesorm o bhruaich na nimor-bheann,
An ciobair Gallda 's cha chord a chainnt rinn,
E glaothdaich thall ri cu mall an dolais.

Moch madhninn Cheitein, an am dhomh eirigh,
Cha cheol air gheugan, no geom air mointich,
Ach sgreadail bheisdean 's a chanain bheurla,
Le coin 'g an eigbeach, cuir feidh air fogar.

An uair a chi mi na beanntan arda,
'San fhearrann aigh 'san robh Fionna chomhnuidh,
Cha-n fhaic mi 'n aite ach na caorach bhana,
Is Gaill gun aireamh 's a h-nile comhail.

Na glinne chiatach 's am faigheadh fiadhach,
'M biodh coin air iallan aig gillean oga,
Cha-n fhaic thu 'n dingh ann ach ciobair stiallach,
'S gur duibhe mhenran na sgiath na rocais.

Chaidh gach abhaist a chuir air fuadach,
Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri dhan no oran;
Nach bochd an sgeul e gu'n d'shearg ar n-naislean,
'S na balaich shnarrach n'an aitean-comhnuidh?

What sounds unsweet have disturbed me, marring
The long-sought slumbers around me falling?
The Lowland shepherd, with accent jarring,
Directs his sheepdog with hideous bawling.

No more are mornings in spring delightful
With deer soft lowing and woodland warbles,
The deer have fled from these barkings frightful,
And loud the stranger his jargon garbles.

Our Highland mountains with purple heather,
Where Fingal fought and his heroes slumber,
Are white with sheep now for miles together,
And filled with strangers whom none can number.

The lovely glens where the deer long lingered
And our fair youths went with hounds to find them,
Are now the home of the long black-fingered
And lazy shepherds with dogs behind them.

The ancient customs and clans are banished,
No more are songs on the breezes swelling,
Our Highland nobles alas ! are vanished,
And worthless upstarts are in their dwelling

Author—the late Dr. MACLACHLAN.

3—LEABAIDH GHUILL—THE BED OF GAUL.

KEY G.—*With feeling.*



{ d : d | m : - | r : d | d : - | r : m | f : - | d : r | f : - | f : f | l : - | s : f | s : m }
 O caraibh, a chlanna nan teud, Leabaidh Ghuill is a dheo greine Eamhris,
 O ye bards, make the last bed of Gaul, With his sunbeam of war laid be side him,



{ d : d | m : - | r : d | r : - | d : d | t : - | s : d | f : - | f : r | d : - | r : m | d : d }
 Far am faicear a leabaidh an céin, Agus genga is airde 'ga sgaile
 Where the shade of this great tree shall fall, And its branches from tempests shall hide him.

Fo sgeith daraig a's guirine blath,
 Is luath' fas, agus dreach a's buaine,
 Bhruchdas duilleach air anail na frois
 'S an raon bhi seartga m'an cuairt di.

A duilleach o ionad na tire
 Chitear le eoin an t-samhraidh,
 Is laidhith gach eun mar a thig e
 Air barraibh na geige urair.

Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo;
 Is oighean a seinu air Aoibhir-chaomba;
 'S gus an caochail gach ni dhiubh so,
 Cha sgarar bhur cuimhne o cheile.

Gus an crion gu luathre a chlach,
 'S an searg as le aois a gheug so,
 Gus an sguir na sruthan a ruith,
 'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhte,
 Gus an caillear au dilinn aois
 Gach filidh, is dàn, 's aobhar-sgeile,
 Cha'n fhearaich an t-aineal 'Co mac Moirne?'
 No 'Cia i comhnuidh Righ na Strumoin?'

This green spreading oak is his bower,
 Fair growing and lovely and lasting;
 Its leaves drink the breath of the shower
 While the drought all around it is blasting.

Its leaves from afar shall be seen,
 And the birds of the summer, swift winging,
 Alight on its boughs wide and green—
 From his mist Gaul shall hear their sweet singing.

Evirecoma shall hear how her praise
 The songs of the maidens shall cherish;
 Till everything round us decays,
 Your memory from earth shall not perish.

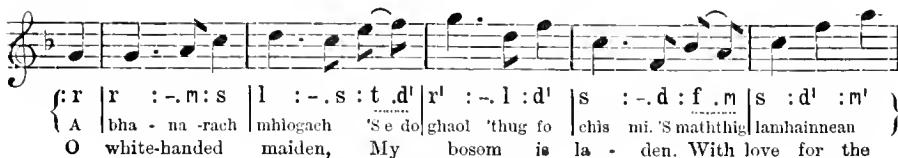
Till this stone has been crumbled away,
 Till the streams cease to flow from the mountains,
 Till this tree with old age shall decay,
 And drought dries from the hills all the fountains,

Till the great flood of ages has run
 Over bards, songs and all that is human,
 None need ask, Who was Morni's great son?
 Or, Where dwells the brave King of Strunon?

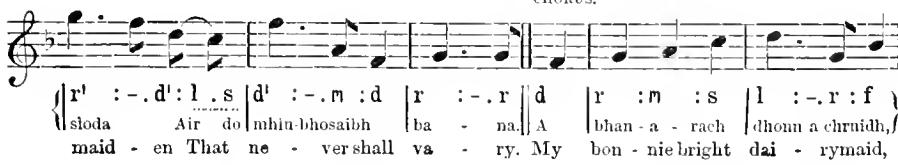
Author—OSSIAN.

4—BANARACH DHONN A CHRUIDH—MAID OF THE DAIRY.

KEY F.



CHORUS.



'Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag,
A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh.
Dh' iadaladh euilteach gach doire,
Dh' eisdeachd coireal do mhàinrain
Ged a b' fhonnmhòr an fhùdheall,
S a tendan an righeadh,
S e 'bheireadh dànn's air a' chridhe,
Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.
Bheireadh dùlan na gréine,
Dearsadhl moch air foir d' eudainn,
S gu 'm b' ait leam r' a lèirsinn
Boillsgeadh eibhinn cùl Mairidh.
S taitneach siubhal a cuilein
G a chràthadh m' a cluasan,
A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,
An tigh buailidh'n gleann fasaich.
Gu 'm bu mhòthar mo bheadrach,
Teachd do'n bhnaidh mu 'n eadhrath,
Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,
S buarach greasad an ail aic'.
A banarach dhonn a' chruidh,
Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh
Cailin deas donn a' chruidh,
Cuachag an fhàsach.

When Mary is singing
The birdies come winging,
And listen, low swinging,
On twigs light and airy.
My heart bounds with pleasure
To hear the sweet measure
That's sung by my treasure,
The maid of the dairy.
The sunshine soft streaming
Around her is beaming,
It's glowing and gleaming
On the locks of my Mary.
O'er the moors waste and dreary
Trips gaily my dearie,
With foot never weary,
As light as a fairy.
The maid of this ditty
Is charming and pretty,
She's wise and she's witty,
She's winning and wary.
My bonnie bright dairymaid,
Fairy maid, dairymaid,
Bonnie blythe dairymaid,
Maid of the dairy.

Gaelic words by ALEXANDER MACDONALD (Mac Mhaighstir)

5—MORAG—JACOBITE SONG.

KEY G.

'S ma dh' imich thu null thar chuan uainn
Gu ma hath a thig thu thairis.
'S cuimhnich, thoir leat bannal ghruagach
A luaidheas an cloth ruadh gu daingeann.
O cha leiginn thu do'n bhuaillidh
Obair thraillidh sin nan cailean.
Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuinanag
Aig am beil an cailean barr-fhionn.
'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach
Ciabtag na gruagaich glaine,
Do chùl peucach sios 'na dhualaibh
Dhalladh e uaislean le lainnir,
Sios 'na fhaoirneinean mu'd ghuilnean,
Leadan cuaicheineach na h-ainnir.
'S iomadh leannan a th' aig Morag
Eadar Mor-thir agus Arrann.
'S iomadh gaisgeach deas de Ghaidheal
Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarruig,
A rachadh le sgiathan 's le clàidhean
Air bheag sgath gu bial nan canan,
Chumartaicheadh dol an ordugh
Thoirt do chòrach mach a dh'aindeoin.
A righ, bu mhath 's an luath-lainn iad
Nuair a thàirneadh iad an lannan.
H-nile cloth a luaidh iad riabhachluibh
Dh' fhag iad e gu ciatdach daingeann.
Teann, tìugh, daingeann, fighte, luaidhite
Daiti ruadh air thuar na fala.
Greas thairis le d' mhathathan luadhaidh
'S theid na gruagaichean so mar-riut.
Agus o Mhorag, horo, 's na horo gheallaidh.

Far too soon has been thy going;
Soon come back across the ocean.
Bring a band of maids for spreading
And for dressing cloth of scarlet.
Thou shalt not go to the steading,
Leave vile work to loon and varlet.
Oh, my Morag is the sweetest,
With her lovely locks in cluster,
Coiled and enpled in folds the sweetest,
Gleaming bright with golden lustre;
Glowing ringlets, golden gleaming,
Dazzle nobles who behold her;
Yellow tresses round her streaming,
Fall in cascades on her shoulder.
Many a lover has my lady,
In the mainland and the Islands;
Many a man with sword and plaidie
She could summon from the Highlands,
Who would face the cannon's thunder
Armed and for her honour plighted,
Driving hostile bands asunder
Bound to see our lady righted.
Certes, but our maids are clever
When they get their weapons ready,
Many a web they've sorted ever
Firmly handled close and steady,
Thick and close and firm in pressing,
Bloody-red, a dye unfading;
Come then with thy maids for dressing,
We are ready here for aiding.
Then horo, Morag, horo, the lovely lady

Author—ALEXANDER MACDONALD

Morag represents Prince Charlie.

6—CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH RARSAY—RAASAY LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slow, and with feeling.*

S min a m' shmidh' air an fhaodh-lainn Gun fhaoilte gun shu-ran; Cha tog mi fonn
Sitting sad - ly I sorrow, Heavy-hearted and ailing, I am songless and

CHORUS.

ao . trom, O Dhi-hao - ine mo dhunach. Hi-il ò ho bha hò Hi-il
cheerless, I am wea - ry with wailing. Hee-il ò ho - va hò Hee-il

r : l : d | l : - : d! s | l : l : d | r : - : r.m | l : - .d : r.d | l : l : d |
ò ho bha ò, Hi-il ò ho bha ò Hi-il ò ro o-bha ell - la.
ò ho - va ò, Hee-il ò ho - va ò Hee-il ò ro o-va a -

Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
O Dhlihaoine mo dhunach:
O'n a chailleadh am bàta,
Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh.
O'n a chailleadh am bàta,
Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh:
'S i do ghnala bha làdir,
Ged a shàraich a' mhuiir thu.
'S i do ghnala bha làdir,
Ged a shàraich a' mhuiir thu;
'S ann an clachan na tràghad,
'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh
'S ann an clachan na tràghad,
'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh:
Gun siod' air do chluasalg,
Fo lic uaine na tuinne.
Gun siod' air do chluasaig,
Fo lic uaine na tuinne;
Tha do chlaidheamh 'na dhùnadh,
Fo dhùrichdadh nan uinneag.
Tha do chlaidheamh 'na dhùnadh,
Fo dhùrichdadh nan uinneag;
Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,
'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh.
Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,
'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh;
Do fhrith nam beann àrda,
No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuilinn.
Do fhrith nam beann àrda,
No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuilinn;
'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodhlainn,
Gun fhaoilte, gun fhuaran.

Since the day of my sorrow
I am weary with wailing,
Since the loss of the boatie,
Where the hero was sailing.
Since the loss of the boatie,
Where the hero was sailing,
Oh, strong was his shoulder,
Though the sea was prevailing.
Oh, strong was his shoulder,
Though the sea was prevailing,
Now he lies in the clachan
Whom I am bewailing.
Now he lies in the clachan,
Whom I am bewailing,
And a green grassy curtain
His cold bed is veiling.
And a green grassy curtain
His cold bed is veiling,
His sword in its scabbard
The rust is assailing.
His sword in its scabbard
The rust is assailing,
His hounds on their leashes,
Their speed unavailing.
His hounds on their leashes,
Their speed unavailing,
No more shall my hero
His mountains be scaling.
No more shall my hero
His mountains be scaling,
Sitting sadly, I sorrow,
Heavy-hearted and ailing.

Composed on the death of IAIN GARBH MACGHILLE-CALLUM of Raasay, by his sister

7—MO MHALI BHEAG OG—MY DEAR LITTLE MAY.

KEY C.

1 | s ,s :m ,s | d' :s ,f | m :r ,d | d :-. s | d' ,d' :r' ,d' |
 Nach trnagh leat mi 's mi prio - san Mo Mha - li bheag og? Do chairdean a cur
 Dost thou not see my an - guish, My dear lit - the May? In dungeon dark I

t :l .s | l ..t :l .s | s :-.m | r ,m :s ,l | d' :r' ,d' |
 binn orm, Mo chuid de'n tsaothal thu. A bhean nam mala min - e, 'Snam
 languish, My own darling May. No eyes were sweeter, clear - er, No

| d' ,t :l .s | s :1 .t | d' ,t :l .s | d' :s ,f | m :r ,d | d :-. ||
 pagan mar na fioguis, Is tu nach fhagadh shios mi le mi-ruin do bheoil!
 kisses could be dear - er Thau thine, my loving cheer - er, My dear little May!

Di-domhnaich anns a ghleann duinn,
 Mo Mhali bheag og.
 Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut,
 Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal mhor;
 Nuair dh' fhosgail mi mo shinilean
 'S a sheall mi air mo chulaobh
 Bha marcaich an eich chruthaich
 Tigh'n dlu air mo lorg.
 Is mise bh' air mo bluaireadh,
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 Nuair thain' an sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn,
 Mo ribhinn glan ur;
 Is truagh nach ann 'san uair sin
 A thuit mo lambah o m' ghuallainn,
 Mu'n d'amais mi do bhuiladh,
 Mo Mhali bheag og.
 Gur boideche leam a dh' fhas thu,
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 Na'n lili anns an fhasach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;
 Mar aiteal caoin na greine
 Am maduinn elinin ag eiridh,
 Be's sud do dhreach is t-eugais
 Mo Mhali bheag og.
 Ged bheirte mi bho'n bhas so,
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 Cha'n iarrainn tuille dalach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;
 B'anna 'n saoghal s' fhagail,
 'S gu'm faicinn t'aodann ghradhach,
 Gun chiuimhn' bhi air an am sin
 'S an d' flag mi thu ciuirt.

Oh! hapless love that sought thee,
 My dear little May;
 Oh! fatal tryste that brought thee
 Along yon green brae;
 We met with words endearing,
 No evil were we fearing,
 When horsemen came careering
 In angry array.
 My heart with anger bounded,
 My dear little May,
 To see us thus surrounded,
 My lady so gay;
 Oh, withered let this arm be
 That ever chanced to harm thee,
 I never would alarm thee,
 My darling young May.
 Oh, fairer wert thou, blooming,
 My dear little May,
 Than lily sweet, perfuming
 Some glen far away,
 Like morning glory gleaming,
 Along the mountains streaming,
 So was thy beauty beaming,
 My bright little May.
 What though my life were spared me,
 My dear little May,
 Now it can never shared be
 With kind little May!
 I long to go, and never
 From thee again to sever,
 And there forget that ever
 I wounded my May.

Composed by a Highland officer, who accidentally killed a lady.

8—LAOIDH OISEIN DO'N GHRIAN—OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

KEY B^b.

KEY B^b.

O thou that movest through the sky, Like shield of warrior round and bright,
 O thou that movest through the sky, Like shield of warrior round and bright,
 Whence is thy glory gleam ing high, And whence, O sun, thy last inglight?
 Thig thu sa mach 'nad aill le threin, Is fal nichidh na reul an triall,
 In peer less beauty thou dost rise And all the stars be fore thee flee,
 Theid ghealach sios gun tuar o'n speur, 'Ga clea tha fein, fo stuaidh san iar.
 The pale moon for sakes the skies To hide beneath the west ern sea.
 Tha thus' ad astar dol a mhiain,
 Is co dha'n dana bhi' ad choir?
 Feuch, tuiftidh darag o'n chruaich aird,
 Is tuiftidh carn fo aois is scorr,
 Is traighidh agus bionaidh 'n ean,
 Is cailleor shuas an re'san speur,
 Tha thus' ad aon a chaoi'dh fo bhuaidh
 An aibhneas bhuan do sholus fein!
 Nuair dhubbhas dorch m'an domhain stoirm,
 Le torrann borb is dealan beur
 Seallaidh tu'nad aill' o'n toirm,
 'S fhamh giare 'n bruailtean mòr nan speur.
 Ach dhomhisa tha do sholus faoin
 'S nach fhairc mo shuul a chaoi'dh do ghinnis,
 A sgoileadh cul a's orbhui' ciabhair
 Air aghaidh nial's a mhadainn ur,
 A sgoileadh cul a's orbhui' ciabhair
 Air aghaidh liath nan nial's an ear
 No nuair a chritheas tu 's an iar
 Aig do dhorsaibh ciar air leir.
 Ma dh' fheudte gu bheil thu's mi fein
 'An am gu treun 's gun theum 'an am,
 Ar bliadhnaidh tearnadh sios o'n speur
 La chéile siubhal chum an ceann.
 Bioldh aibhneas ortsa fein, a Ghrian,
 A thriath 'ad oige nearnfhor ta!
 Oir 's dorch' mi-thaitneach tha an aois
 Mar sholus faoin an re'ng chail,
 Bho neoil a sealiltuin air an raon,
 'S an liath-cheo faoin air thaobh nan carn,
 An osag fluar o thuath air reth,
 Fear siubhail dol fo bheud 'se mall.

Thou movest in thy course alone,
 And who so bold as wander near?
 The mountain oak shall yet fall prone,
 The hills with age shall disappear,
 The changing main shall ebb and flow,
 The waning moon be lost in night;
 Thou only shalt victorious go,
 For ever joying in thy light!
 When heaven with gathering clouds is black,
 When thunders roar and lightnings fly,
 Thou gazest lovely through the rack
 And smilest in the raging sky.
 But oh! thy light is vain to me;—
 Ne'er shall mine eyes thy face behold,
 When thou art streaming wide and free
 O'er morning clouds thy hair of gold,
 When thou art shedding wide and free,
 O'er eastern skies thy hair of gold,
 Or trembling o'er the western sea
 At night's dark portals backward rolled.
 Nay but, perhaps, both thou and I
 From strength to weakness both descend,
 Our years declining from the sky,
 Together hastening to their end.
 Rejoice, O sun, in this thy prime!
 Rejoice, O chief, in youthful might!
 Age is a dark and dreary time,
 Feeble and faint as moon's wan light.
 Struggling through broken clouds in vain,
 While to the hills the mist hangs gray;
 And northern gusts are on the plain,
 Where toils the traveller on his way.

9—AN SGIOBAIREACHD—SKIPPER'S SONG.

KEY F.

KEY F.

:
 d , t , d , d | d' : s , l : s , f | m . d : r , m : f , l | s
 Bailaist 'chur's na eruinn, Cha chuir innne taic dhuinn, Siùil a chur ri 'druim,
 Sails beneath her passed Won't drive the vessel faster, Ballast on the mast

:
 m , d : m , m | r . d : d , t , d , d | d' : f , m : f , l | s
 Cha chuirsgoinn'n a h-astar; Stiùir 'chur os a oinn, Cha dean iùil do'n luing
 Could but bring dis-as-ter: Who could steer her by A helm against the sky?

:
 l , d' : t , d' | s : t , d : m , m | r . d : d , t , d , r | m . f
 'Spumpgum'cheagnan' taoim Cha chuir sginn a mach dhith, Nach e'cenn bhios glagach,
 Who could keep her dry With the pumps around her? She would swing and flounder,

:
 s , f : m , r | m . d : f , d' : t , l | s : d , d : m , m | r . d ||
 Null's a nail, 's air tar-sainn? Ceart cha seòl i dhuinn, 'S glens gach buill as al - tan.
 She would fill and founder, Tackle all a - wry Would quickly wreck or ground her.

Cha tearainteachd dhùinn
 Toirt ar cùram seachad,
 'G radh "Na abair dùrd,
 Tha 'n *Insurance* beairteach;"
 'S ionadh aon 'bha 'n dùil
 Nach robh meang 'n an cùis,
 D' a thridh 'chaill an cùis',
 Dh' easbhaidh dìndh us faicill,
 'S riabh nach d' rànaig dhachaidh
 'Dh' ionnsaigh seòlaid acair',
 'S nach do shòilhlich stùr
 Dheth na b' tìidh leo 'ghlacadh.
 Ged robh sian 's an luing,
 Paitt an 'bùm 's an acfhuinn,
 'S ged b' eòl dhùinn le cinnt,
 Feum gach buill us beairte;
 Ciod an stàth 'bhios dhuinn
 Eblas 'bhi 'n ar cinn
 Air gach ball 'bhios int',
 Muir 'bi sinn 'g an cleachdadhl?
 Feumair còrd 's an acair',
 'S 'cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaiste,
 'S ris gach sruth us gaoith,
 'N combaisd crinn a leantainn.

Sad would be our plight,
 If, with mad assurance,
 We should caution slight,
 And trust to the insurance.
 Many a witless wight,
 Sure that he was right,
 Lost his bearings quite,
 All from being heedless;
 Thinking care was needless,
 Land at last despaired of,
 He was lost in night,
 And never more was heard of.
 What though we were packed
 With plenty of equipment,
 And knew what every tract
 And tool about the ship meant!
 Knowledge so exact
 Might as well be lacked,
 If we do not act.
 The anchor to be able
 To keep the vessel stable
 Must have a proper cable,
 The compass all compact
 Must lie upon its table.

By JOHN MORRISON, Harris.

10—TUIREADH AN T-SURICH—THE WOOR'S WAIL.

KEY E \flat .

Lively.

Chorus Cha teid mi se tuil le a sheall tuinn na cruinneig, Cha teid mi se tuil le a sheall tuinn na cruinneig, Nae mair will I sal ly a cour tin' of Mal lie, Nae mair will I sal ly a cour tin' of Mal lie,

Cha teid mi se tuil le air shuir idh na gilleann, Cha dir ich mi brith aich chan ur raiun mi ann, I'll gang to the val ley a cour tin' nae mair, Nor gang to the val ley I'm trach led ower sain.

Song Nuair rinn mi mo bhrog an gu snas mhor a ghrobadh, A sheall tuinn na h eigh e tha thall ad a chomhnuidh, On my shoon I put batches of el e gant patches, My heart it was wholly up lift ed and fol ly,

S a ghuais mi, cho ceol mhor ri smeor ach air chrann, Cha chreid inn ri m' bbeo gu'r e ghor aich a bh'ann, And went sing ing snatches of beau ti ful song; Nor thought it was fol ly that sent me a long.

Bha in'ntinn lan suigeart nuair rainig mi'n unneag,
'Smí cinnteach gun cumadh a chnuineag riunn eannt,
Nuair dh'fhosgail i'n dulleag 'sa theann mi ri furan,
'S ann thaom an truille an cuan m'am cheann.

Cha teid mise tuille, etc.

'S mar tuiginn an sanas sin stug i na madaidh,
'Eha 'mathair sa h-athair labhairt le scraing,
Thuit ceo air mo leirsin 'us m' anail gam threigsinn,
An rathad cha b'leir dhomh 'us leum mi' san staing.
'Smí fedha gu m' shuilean an ebar an duman,
Mo bhrigis m'am ghuinteán 'san cu oirr an geall,
Bu mhiosa na'n corc lean 'bhi faicinn na h-oinseach,
Aig unneag a seomair ri spors air mo chail.
Mar phaig air an ullaid, 'sí dh'fhasg mi am churraidh,
Mo chaiseart 'san rannadh, 's mo thriubhas sa ghleann,
'Smí 'so as mo leine ag altrom mo chreuchdhan,
'San ionad nach leir dhomh am breid a chur teamn.
Toirt boidean do Mhuire 'sa 'g eigheach gu duineil,
Ged gheibhinn an cruinne 'sa h-uile ni th' ann,
Nach teid mise tuille a cheilidh no shuiridh,
'Snach fhataear mo luideagan tuille 'sa ghleann.

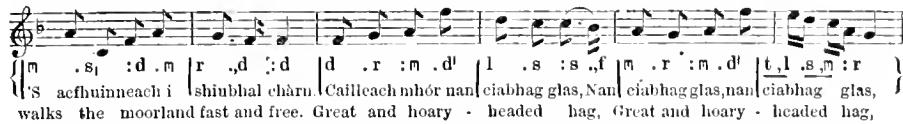
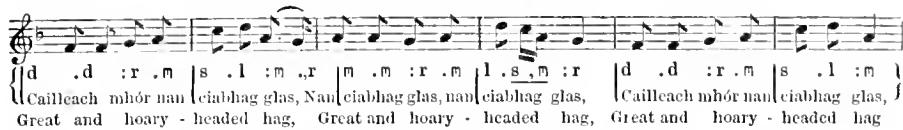
Wi' bosom high-swellin' I cam to her dwellin',
I kent she was willin' to list to my tale;
I startit a-showin' my love overflowin',
She stopped me by throwin' aboot me the pail.
Nae mair, &c.

And then to pursue me she set the dogs to me,
My eyesight got gloomy, I felt like a fool;
Her parents were flytin', the dogs were for bitin';
I fled, and fell right in a big dirty pool!
The water was stinkin' in which I was sinkin',
The big dog was thinkin' he'd noo get a bite,
But the thing maist annoyn' was to see her ongooin'
Lookin' oot and enjoying my terrible plight.
Bad luck to the wooin', it's been my undoin',
My breeks are a ruin, my bachelies are gone,
And here I'm endurin' and nursin' and curin'
My wounds, and securin' the bandages on!
I'm wavin' and frettin' and manfully bettin'
That tho' I were gettin' the world for my share,
Nae mair will I sally a-courtin' of Mallie,
I'll show in the valley my duddies nae mair.

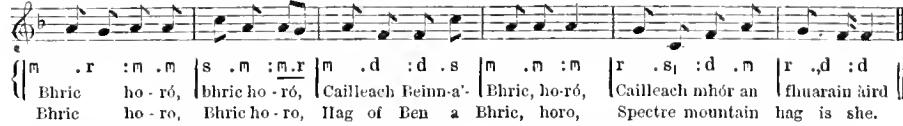
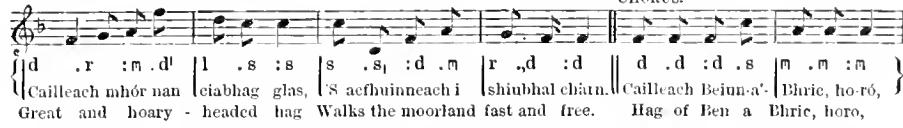
Author—"AM BARD LUIDEAGACH."

11—CAILLEACH BEINN A BHRIC—THE SPECTRE HAG.

KEY F.



CHORUS.



Cailleach mhór nam megan liath,
 Nam megan liath, nam megan liath;
 Cailleach mhór nam megan liath,
 Cha 'n fhaca sinne 'leithid riadh.

Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

'De a thug thu'n diugh do'bheinn,
 Dìugh do'n bheinn, diugh do'n bheinn.
 'De a thug thu'n diugh do'bheinn,
 Chum thu mi gu'n bhein, gun sealg.

Bha thu fhein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Do bhuidheann fhiadh, do bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Bha thu fein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh
 Air an traigh ud shios an de.

A chailleach—Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh
 Mo bhuidheann fhiadh, mo bhuidheann fhiadh
 Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh
 Dh' imleibh sligean dubh an traigh.

Ochan! is i'n doirionn mhor
 An doirionn mhor, an doirionn mhor
 Ochan! is i'n doirionn mhor
 A chuir mis' an choill ud thall.

Cha'n ioghnadh mi bhi dubh, horo,
 Dubh horo, dubh horo,
 Cha'n ioghnadh mi bhi dubh, horo,
 H-uile là a muigh, o h-i.

Cha'n ioghnadh mi bhi fiuch, fmar,
 Fiuch fmar, fiuch fmar,
 Cha'n ioghnadh mi bhi fiuch fmar,
 H-uile h-uair a muigh gu brath.
 'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh,
 'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Seachad an sláth dubh ud thall.

Hag with great gray grisly paw,
 Grisly paw, grisly paw,
 Such a hag we never saw,
 Never, never did we see.

Hag of Ben-a Bhric, &c.

What has brought her to the hill,
 To the hill, to the hill?
 She has wrought me muckle ill,
 Kept ber deer away from me.

She was with her flock of deer,
 Flock of deer, flock of deer,
 Yesterday she had her deer
 On the beach along the sea.

The Hag : I would not take my flock of deer.
 My flock of deer, my flock of deer,
 I would not take my flock of deer
 To lick black shells beside the sea.

Ochan! it was weary woe,
 Weary woe, weary woe,
 Ochan! it was weary woe
 Sent me to you wood to dree!

No wonder I am black, horo,
 Black horo, black horo,
 No wonder I am black, horo,
 When I am always out, O hee.

No wonder I am cold and wet,
 Cold and wet, cold and wet,
 No wonder I am cold and wet,
 When out for ever I must be.
 But yonder is the flock of deer,
 Flock of deer, flock of deer,
 But yonder is the flock of deer,
 Beyond the mountain you may see.

Said to be composed by a hunter who met the hag.

12—ORAN AN UACHDARAIN—SONG TO THE CHIEF.

KEY C.—*With spirit.*

Stsd. { | m ,s :l ,t | l ,s :m | m ,m :d' ,d' | t :t .r' | m ,l :l ,s }
Cho. { | Faill ill ő ro, faill ill ő | Faill ill ő ro, eil . e, Hi ri - thil nithil
 Fal il ő ro, fal il ő | Day around me spring - ing, Hee ri - hil nhil }

FINE.

{ | l ,l :t ,l | l ,s :r ,r | m :m . | r | m ,s :l ,t | l .s :m . }
 a - gus ő, 'S na thugaibh hóro eil . e. || Gur mise tha trom airtneulach
 i - hil ő, No heart have I for sing - ing. At dawn I rise with weeping eyes,

D.C.

{ | x | m ,m :d' ,d' | t :t .d' | r' ,d' :t ,l | l .s :l .d' | t ,l :s .l | s ,m .- | m . }
 'S a mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh, Tha gaooth an ear a' gobachadh, 'scha'n i mo thogairt fein i.
 No heart have I for singing; Around me shrill the breezes chill Of eastern winds are stinging.

Tha gaooth an ear a' gobachadh,
 'S cha'n i mo thogairt fein i;
 'S i gaooth an iar, a b' aite leinn,
 A's lasan oirre 'g eiridh.
 Faill ill, etc.

'S i gaooth an iar, a b' aite leinn
 Is lasan oirre 'g eiridh
 Gu'n tigeadh oirnn am báta
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach.
 Gu'n tigeadh oirnn am báta
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach
 Uachdaran na tir' oirre—
 Mo dbith ma dh' eireas bend da!
 Uachdaran na tir' oirre—
 Mo dhith ma dh' eireas bend da!
 Uachdaran na duthch' innte—
 Gu bheil mo dhurachl fein leis.
 Uachdaran na duthch' innte
 Gu bheil mo dhurachl fein leis
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte!
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte
 Far am bi na fiddleirean,
 S na pioban ann ga'n gleusadh.
 Far am bi na fiddleirean
 S na pioban ann 'gan gleusadh
 Ach 's mise tha trom airtneulach
 'S a mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh.

Around me shrill the breezes chill
 Of eastern winds are stinging,
 Oh, I would hail the western gale,
 With blessings round it flinging.
 Fal il óró, fal il ő, &c.

Yes, I would hail the western gale,
 With blessings round it flinging,
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,
 Light o'er the billows swinging.
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,
 Light o'er the billows swinging,
 And safe may float the bonnie boat,
 Our gallant chieftain bringing.
 Oh, safe may float the bonnie boat,
 Our gallant chieftain bringing,
 For our relief our country's chief,
 To whom our hearts are clinging.
 For our relief our country's chief,
 To whom our hearts are clinging,
 Oh would that he right gallantly
 His way to Sleat were winging.
 Oh, would that he right gallantly,
 His way to Sleat were winging,
 Where songs arise and harmonies,
 With harp and pibroch ringing.
 Where songs arise and harmonies,
 With harps and pibroch ringing,
 But now I rise with weeping eyes,
 No heart have I for singing.

13—CUMHA DO H-UISOEIN MAC-AOIDH—LAMENT FOR HUGH MACKAY.

KEY A?

1. l₁ : s₁ , l₁ | d : - . m : r , r | m : - . r : d , l₁ | d : - . r : l₁ , d |
 Nach cruaidh an guth so thraig an t-sluagh, bho'n deach thu luath's a dh'earbhad
 Oh sad this voice of woe we hear, And gone our cheer and pleasan-

{ s₁ : - . l₁ ; s₁ , l₁ | d : - . m : r , m | r : - . d : r , m | s : - . l : m , s | r : - . |
 riut; Tha ghaoir chol cu - mant aig daoin', naisl', Aig muábh,aig tuath, 's aig searbhan-
 try; One communegrief, without relief, Has seized on chief and peasantry;

{ m : 1 . l₁ | s : - . f : m , s | r : - . l₁ ; d : r | m : - . r : d , l₁ | s₁ : - . |
 Cha'n eil bho'n Tòrr gur ruig an stòir, Aon duine beò, bho'ndh'fhalbh thu bluainn,
 In hut or hall, or merchant's stall, There's none at all speaks cheerfully;

{ l₁ : s₁ , l₁ | d : - . m : r , m | r : - . m : s , d | s : - . f : m , r | r : - . |
 A's urraim còmhradh mu' na bhòrd, Ach türseach, brò nach, marbhruan nach.
 Since that sad day he went a-way, Naught can we say, but tearfully.

Cha'n ann mu'u callan codach fhéin,
 Th'a'n shuagh gu léir cho casmhiorach,
 Ach aon 'thoirt bhup' gun aon fhearr-fuath,
 'S an robh gach buaidh cho fasmhiorach,
 A phears gu léir, a dhreach 's a cheàil,
 Anns nach bu léir albuim failligeadh;
 Mach bho'n éig bhi 'eur 'an eill
 Nach' eil gach cré ach basmhiorach.

'S ionnhor eridhe 'thuit a mhan
 Mu'n euairt, air le do thiodhlacaidh,
 'Bha'g earbhsadh cinnéach ri do lim
 'Bhi suidhich' 'an intinn shiorbheartaich
 Bha iona cend dhe d'fhine fhéin
 A' deamann fèum mar ionmhaigh dhòit;
 Ach dhearrbh am beum so dhuinn gu léir,
 Nach' eil fo'n ghréin ach diomhnaus.

Co an duine thug ort bàrr
 Am breith, 'am pàirt, 's an ionnsachadh?
 No eo an t-aon a sheasas d'ait'
 Dhe'n th'air an cràdh ga d'iomndraichinn?
 Gach beag 'us mòr gach sean 'us òg,
 Le gal, 'us deòir ga'n ceannsachadh.
 Ge tric le bròn 'bhi tuisleach oirran,
 Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

It is not private loss or woe
 That makes the blow so rigorous,
 But his sad fate whom none could hate,
 With mind so great and vigorous,
 For none could find, in heart or mind,
 A fault in kind or quality,
 Now he is not, though we forgot
 Our common lot, mortality.

Oh, many a man was filled with gloom
 That round thy tomb stood silently;
 Hearts that were buoyed with hopes—now void
 By death destroyed so violently.
 By clansmen prized and idolised,
 His worth disguised humanity,
 But this fell blow, alas! will show
 There's nought below but vanity.

He was excelled by none on earth,
 Wit, wisdom, worth adorning him;
 And none can fill his place but ill
 Of those who will be mourning him
 The hearts are wrung of old and young,
 The mourner's tongue is failing him,
 Oh, never more shall we deplore
 One man so sore bewailing him!

Music and words by ROB (DONN) MACKAY

14—MO CHAILIN DILEAS DONN—MY FAITHFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F.

Music score for 'Mo Chailin Dileas Donn' in F major, featuring three staves of music with lyrics in English and Gaelic.

Lyrics (approximate transcription):

Gu ma slan a chi mi a chailin di - leas donn! Bean a chuailein
Oh! happy may I see thee, my faithful brown-hair'd maid! My sweet light-hearted

reidh, air an deis' a dh'ei-readh! fonn; 'Si cainnt do bheoil a's binn leam, nuair
la - dy, in flow - ing locks ar-rayed; Thy voice, like soothing mu - sic, bas

bhitheas m'inntinn trom, 'S tu thog-adh suas mo chridh'nuair a bhi'dtu bruidhinn rium.
oft my grief al-layed, Thy words dispelled the woes that up-on my spi - rit weighed.

Gur muladach a ta mi,
'S mi nocht air aird a' chuin,
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal domh,
'S do chaidreamh fada uam;
Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;
As d'aogaistha mi truagh;
'S mar a dean mi d'fhaotainn
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Snil chorraich mar an dearcag,
Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;
Gruaidhean mar an caoran,
Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin;
Aidiceam le eilbeas
Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la
O'n uair a dh'fhasg mi thu.

Theireadhl iad ma 'n d' fhalbh mi uat,
Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir,
Gu 'n do chuir mi cul riut,
'S gun dhuilt mi dhuit mo phog.
Na cuireadhl sid ort curam,
A ruin, na creid an sgleo;
Tha d'anail leam ni's cubhraidh,
Na'n driuchd air bharr an fheoir.

My lot this night is dreary
Upon the surging deep,
And comfortless my slumber
When far from thee I sleep.
But back to thee, my maiden,
My restless thoughts shall sweep,
And few shall be my years
If without thee I must weep.

Like berries, 'neath their lashes
Thine eyes are soft and clear;
Like rowans, 'neath thy placid¹ row
Thy glowing cheeks appear.
Oh, gladly do I tell thee, love,
That I have held thee dear,
And since I had to part from thee,
Each day has seemed a year.

What though they tell thee that I had
Begun my choice to rue,
That I forsook my maiden
And from her kiss withdrew!
Let not the story grieve thee;
My love, it is not true:
Thy fragrant breath is sweeter
To me than morning dew.

Gaelic words by HECTOR MACKENZIE, Ullapool.

15—H-UGAIBH ! H-UGAIBH !—AT YOU ! AT YOU !

KEY C.



{ d', d' . — | d', s . — : d' . d' | d' . , d' : d' . d' | m' . , r' : d' . 1 | 1 . , }
 H-ugaibh ! h-ugaibh ! bo, bo, bo ! An doctair Leodach 's biodag air,
 At you ! at you ! bo, ho, ho ! Take care what may become of you,



{ d' : m' . m' | m' . , r' : d' . d' | d' . , 1 : s . s | s . , f : m . , d | d }
 Faicill oirbh 'san taobh sin thall, Nach toir e'n ceann a thiota dibh !
 The doctor with his dirk may go, And take the head off some of you !

Biodag 's an deach' an gath-seirg
 Air crios seilg an luidealach ;
 Bha seachd irlinch oirr' a mheirg,
 Gur maирg an rachadh bruiteadh dhi.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Bha thiu na do bhasbair corr,
 'S claidheamh-mor an tarruinn ort,
 An saighdear's miosa th'raig righ Deors',
 Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Claidheamh, agus sgabard dearg,
 'S clearbach sud air amadan,
 'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
 A dh'fheadh marbh gnu snail iad.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Gu'm biodh sud ort air do thaobh,
 Claidheamh caol 'sa ghliogartaich ;
 Cha'n 'eil falcasg thig o'n traigh,
 Nach euir thu barr nan itean di.
H-ugaibh, &c.

See on his belt, with rags and dust,
 The dirk with all the rust of it ;
 'Twould kill a man with sheer disgust,
 If he should get a thrust of it.

At you ! &c.

As fencer bold he used to swing
 His sword, but made so small a stir,
 The poorest soldier of the king
 Would dare to fight with Allaster.

At you ! &c.

Claymore and scabbard bright he vaunts
 And clumsily he carries them ;
 He chops the heads off cormorants
 And hews and hacks and harries them.

At you ! &c.

Brave at his side the sword must be
 That he must clank and rattle with ;
 And ne'er a bird can come from sea
 But he will boldly battle with.

At you ! &c.

16—BROSNACHADH-CATHA—ANCIENT WAR-SONG.

KEY A.—*Boldly.*



{ l, | d . d : d : - . l, | m . d : m : - . r | m . d : l, : - . t, | d : -)
 A mhacan ceann, Nan cursa srann, Ard-leumnach dàu air magh,
 O high-born son, Let fame be won, Thy steeds for bat - the prance,



{ l, | d . d : m : - . r | f . r : t, : - . r | f . f : s : - . t, | d : - ||
 Faigh buaidh 'san t-stri, Sgrios sios gun dith Ar naimhde, righ nan sleagh!
 Oh, win renown, Our foes cut down. O king of spears, advance!

Lamh threin 's gach cùs!
 Cridh' ard gun sgath!
 Ceann airm nan roinn gear goirt!
 Gearr sios gu bàs,
 Gun bhàrc sheol bhàin
 Bhi snàmh mu dhubb Innis-tòrc.

Mar thairneanach bhaoghal
 Do bhuelle, laoich,
 Do shuil mar chaoir ad cheann,
 Mar charraig chruinn
 Do chridh' gun roinn,
 Mar lasan òich' do lann.

Cum suas do sgiath,
 Is crobhaidh nial,
 Mar chiach bho reul a bhàis,
 A mhacain cheann,
 Nan cursan srann,
 Sgrios naimhde sios gu lar!

O arm of might!
 Brave heart in fight!
 With swords and lances keen,
 O'er foes prevail,
 Let no white sail
 Round Innistore be seen.

Thy strokes shall clash,
 Like thunder crash,
 Like lightning flash thine eyr,
 Thy heart a rock,
 In battle shock,
 Thy blade a flame on high.

Thy target raise,
 And let it blaze
 Like death-star's baleful light,
 O chief renowned,
 Whose chargers bound,
 Cut down our foes in fight!

Gaelic words very old, probably of the Ossianic era. Translation by L. MACBEAN. Music published here for the first time.

17—COIRE-CHEATHAICH—THE MISTY DELL.

KEY f. 1 : r ,m | r : d . l : r ,m | f : s . f : m . r | d : d ,r : d . l | d : - . }

F. { Se Coire- cheathach nan aighean siùhlach, An Coire rùmach is àrar fonn,
My Misty Cor - rie, by deer fre - quent - ed, My lovely valley, my verdant dell,

{ r : r ,m | r : d . l : r ,m | f : s . s : l . l | r : r ,r : l . l | s : - . }

{ Gu húrach miad - feurach, min - gheal, stúghar, Gach lusan fíbar lu chubhraidh leam;
Soft, rich and gras - sy, and sweetly scented, With every flow'r that I love so well;

{ l : l ,l | r : r ,r : l ,l | s : f . f : m . r | d : d ,r : d . l | d : - . }

{ Gu molach, dùbh - ghorm, torrach, luisreagach, Corrach, plùranach, dlu - ghan, grinn,
All thickly growing, and brightly blow - ing, Upon its shag - gy and dark green lawn,

{ r : r ,m | r : d . l : r ,m | f : s . s : l . l | r' : l ,s : f . m | r : - }

{ Caoin, ballach, ditheanach, canach, misleanach; Gleann a mhìlltich 'an liomhior mang.
Moss, canach, daisies adorn its maz - es, Thro' which skips lightly the graceful fawn.

Tha mala ghrúamach de'n bhiolair uaine,
Mu'n h-ùile fuaran a th'anns an fhonn;
Is doire shealbhag aig bun nan garbh-chlash,
'S an grinnéil gáinmheach gu meanbh-gheal
pron;

'Na ghlúgan plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,
Ach coileach bùirn tigh'nn a grunnad eas lòm,
Gach sruthan ùiseal 'na chuailean cùl-ghorm,
A ruith 'na spùta 's 'na lùba steall.

'S a mhàdnuinn chiùin-ghil, an am dbomb dùsgadh,
Aig bun na stuice b'e 'n sugradh leam;
A chearc le sgiúcan a gabhail tùchain,
'S an coileach cùrtéil a dùrdail cròn;

An dreathan sùrdail 's a ribheid chiùil aig'
A cur nan smùid dheth gu lùghor binn;
An druid 's am brù-dhearg le moran ùinich,
Ri ceileir sunntach bu shiùhlach rann.

The watercresses surround each fountain
With gloomy eyebrows of darkest green;
And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain,
Where loose white sand lies all soft and clean;
Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling,
The new-born stream from the darksome deep;
Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swirling,
It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.

How sweet when dawn is around me gleaming.
Beneath the rock to recline, and hear
The joyous moor-hen so hoarsely screaming,
And gallant moorcock soft-crooning near!
The wren is bustling, and briskly whistling,
With mellow music a ceaseless strain;
The thrush is singing, the redbreast ringing
Its cheery notes in the glad refrain.

From the song by DUNCAN BAN M'INTYRE.

18—MAIRI BHAN OG—FAIR YOUNG MARY.

KEY B₂.

(:m₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | m : - : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | s : - : - :)
 (A Mhairi bhan og, 's tu'n bigh th'air m' aire Ri'm bheo bhi far am bith'm fhein;
 Oh, rapture to be, my fair young Mary, With thee, my beanti - ful bride;

(:m₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : - :)
 (On fhuaire mi ort còir cho mòr 's bu mhaith leam, Le pos - adh ceangailt' o'a chleir;
 In love true and strong that ne'er shall vary, A bond the clergy bave tied;

(:r . f | s : f : m | l₁ : - : d | r : - : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | r : - : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : - :)
 (Le cumhnantan teann, 's le banntaibh daingean, Le snaomadh fhanas's nachl troig,
 This cov-e-nant sure, ap - proved by heaven, Secure shall ever a - bide,

(:m₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : - :)
 (Se t'fhaotain air laimh le gradh gach earaidh Rinn slàin - te maireann a'iu chrè.
 And since with good-will thy hand was given, I thrill with pleasure and pride.

Bheirinn mo phòg do'n òg mhnaoi shomalt'
 A dh' fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,
 Gu m'leant, còmhlnard, seocail, foinnidh,
 Do chòmbradh gheibh mi gu saor;
 Tha mi air sheòl gu leòir a'd' chomain
 A' bhòid 's a chuir thu gu faoin
 Do m' smaointean gòrach pròis nam boireannach,
 'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choill' an robh croinn is gallain,
 Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cuairt,
 'S bha miann mo shìl do dh' fhiuran barraicht
 An dùthas nam meanganan suas;
 Geng fo bhlàth o barr gu talamh,
 A lub mi farasda nuas,
 Bu dhilich do chàch gu bràch a gearradh
 'S e'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuan.

My love to my bride, with dear caresses
 And pride, shall ever be shown;
 Each virtue most rare her soul possesses,
 And fair and sweet has she grown.
 My thoughts used to rove in boyish folly,
 Ere ever her love I had known;
 But, now I'm her own, my heart is wholly
 My darling's alone—alone.

Where woodlands are green with trees well
 A scene of beauty to view, [nourished,
 I found, with delight, one stem that flourished,
 Of bright and beautiful hue:
 That bough from above, desiring greatly,
 With love unto me I drew;
 None else could have moved that tree so stately,
 'Twas only for me that it grew.

A song to his newly wedded spouse, by D. (Ean) M'INTYRE; translation by L. MACBEAN. Other forms of this fine air will be found in *Sacred Songs of the Gael, The Thistle*, and Capt. FRASER'S Collection.

19—CHA TILL E TUILLE—LAMENT FOR MAC CRIMMON,

KEY F: **r** | 1 : - : s | 1 : - : r | 1 : t | 1 | s : m : r | 1 : - : s | 1 : - : m | s : m : d | m : r }
F. (Dh'adh'eo man stne mm | eu - dann Chuilinn, Is sheinn 'bheal-shith a torman mulaid,
O'er Coolin's face the night is creeping, The banshee's wail is round us sweeping;

{: m | 1 : - : s | 1 : - : r | r' : d' : t | 1 : r : m | s : - : l : s | m : - : d' | s : d : r | m : r }
Gorm shuilean ciùin 's an Duin a sileadh, O'n thriall thu nainn 's nach till thu tuille ||
Blue eyes in Duin are dim with weeping, Since thou art gone and ne'er re - turnest.

{: d | s : - : d | 1 : - : d | s : - : m | r : d : d | d : - : r : d | d' : - : s | d' : - : l | 1 : s }
SEISD— Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Crimmon, An cogadh no sith cha till e tuille,
CHORUS No more, no more, no more returning, In peace nor in war is he returning;

{: s | s : - : l : t | d' : - : s | 1 : - : l | s : m : d | f : - : m : f | s : - : m | r : - : m | r : d }
Le airgiod no mi cha till Mac Crimmon, Cha till e gu brath gu la na cruinne.
Till dawns the great Day of Doom and burning, Mac Crimmon is home no more returning.

Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,
Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach,
Tha ealtainn nan speur feadh geugan dubhach,
A caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Tha'n fhairge fa dheòidh lan bròin is mulaid,
Tha'm bàta fo sheol, ach dhuit i siubhal ;
Tha gàirich nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach,
Ag radh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheol 's an Dun mu fheasgar,
'S mac-talla nam mur le mùiern 'ga fhreagairt,
Gach fleasgach is òigh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,
O'n thriall thu nainn 's nach till thu tuille.

The breeze of the bens is gently blowing,
The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;
Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,
Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.

Its dirges of woe the sea is sighing,
The boat under sail unmoved is lying;
The voice of the waves in sadness dying,
Say, thou art away and ne'er returnest.

We'll see no more Mac Crimmon's returning,
Nor in peace nor in war is he returning ;
Till dawns the great day of woe and burning,
For him, for him there's no returning.

Composed on the departure of DONALD MAC CRIMMON, piper to the Laird of MAC LEOD, in 1745. He never returned. The verses were composed by his sister; translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful set of the melody appears, with harmony and accompaniment, in *The Thistle*.

20—OISEAN IS MALMHINE—OSSIAN AND MALVINA.

KEY: || d : d | d : -r | m : r | d : - | r : r | 1 : -se | 1 : s.f | f : - | f : f | 1 : -s | s : m | m : - ||

F. || 'Se Guth eiuin mo riuin a th' aunn | 'S ainmhc thin gn m'aising fein; | Foglaibh sibhs'bhuri talla thall, |

"Tis my lover's tones that call, In my dreams they seldom rise; O - pen wide your azure hall,

{ d : d | r : -m | d : -t, | l, : - | m : 1 | 1 : -se | m : se | 1 : - | d : d | 1 : -s }

Shinnse Thoscair, man ard speur. | 'Se do chomhuidh-s' m'anam fein, | A shil Oisein, |

Race of Tes - car in the skies. Thou dost dwell within my soul, Son of Ossian,

{ f : s.f | m : - | d : d | 1 : -s | s : m | m : -r | d : d | r : -m | d : -t, | l, : - }

's treine laimh, | Eiridh m' osnadh moch gun fheum, | Mo dheoir mar shileadh spenran ard. |

might - y chief; | Like heaven's rain my tears down roll, | Every morn renews my grief.

Bu chrann aillidh mi, threin nan seed,
Oscar chorr, le gengaibh cubhr';
Thainig lás mar ghaoth nan torr;
Thuit fo sgeith mo cheann fo smùr.
Thainig earrach caoin fo bhraon,
Cha d'eirich duilleag fhaoin dhomh fein;
Chunnait oigh mi fo shamhchair thall,
Bhailid iad clarsaiche mall nan teud.

OISEAN:
Caoin am fonn 'ha mo chluais fein,
Nighean Lotha, nan sruth fiar,
'N eul thu guth nach 'eil beo 'a bheinn
An aisling, ann do chodal ciar?
Nuair thuit clos air do shuilibh mall
Air bruachan Mòrshruadh nan toirm beur,
Nuair thearnadh leat o sheilg nan càrn,
An latha ciùin, ard ghrian 's an speur.

Chuala tu 'n sin bàrdà nam fonn,
'S taitneach ach is trom do ghuth;
'S taitneach, Mhalmhine nan sonn,
Leaghaidh bròn am hochd anam dubh.
Tha aoibhneas ann am bron le sith
Nuair shuidhicheas a'rd stri a bhròin;
Caithidh cumha tursaich gun bhrigh
Gann an lài' an tir nan seòd.

I was once a stately tree,
My fair boughs were Oscar's pride,
But his death soon blighted me,
And my blossoms drooped and died.
Spring returned with flower and leaf,
But no leaf on me was found;
Virgus saw my silent grief,
Struck the harp of softest sound.

OSSIAN:
Sweet the music in my ears,
Maid from Lotha's winding streams,
Has the voice of other years
Sounded fondly in thy dreams?
When, descending from the chase,
Thou by Moru's banks didst lie,
Clasped in slumber's soft embrace,
'Neath the calm and sultry sky—

Melodies all faint and low,
O Malvina, round thee stole;
Sweet but sad thy tones, and oh!
Sorrow melts the weary soul.
There is joy in peaceful woe
When subsideth sorrow's strife;
Idle tears should cease to flow,
Grief consumes the mourner's life.

Lines selected from the introduction to Ossian's poem of "Croma," and translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful Ossianic air is preserved in Capt. FRASER'S collection.

21—AM BUAIREADH—THE TEMPTATION.

KEY C. { s : d | d : s | l.s : f.m | s : d | d : s | m : d' | s : d | d : s }

Thug mi mionnan mòr, (S còir an cumail daingean), Fuireach fad mo
I have vowed a vow, Sworn an oath most drastic, That I shall from

{ l.s : f.m | f : r | r : m | f : l | d' : - .r' | d' : s | m.f : s.m | d' : - .r' }

bhèò Mar hu chòir do mhanach. Falach uam do ghnùis, ciurrar
now Live a life mon-as-tic. Then oh, hide thy face, Turn a.

{ d' : d | m : s | d' : - .r' | m.r' : d', t | d' : s | l : r' | r' : r | f : l }

mi le dealan, Ead-ar gath do shùl 's lubag. an na lainnir.
way the lightning of thy dazzling grace, And thy glances brightning.

Ni do mhala dhonn
(Crom mar bhogha-saigheid)
Guin a chur am chom
Ceart cho trom ri claidheamh.
Tha do bhilean blath
Tàladh a chum meallaidh;
Dhuraiginn—ach, a!
Cum iad as mo shealladh.

Fuirich, fuirich thall,
Mu'n tog clann dhe t'anail;
Iomairt ann am cheann
Bheir fo gheall mi baileach.
Cuiridh tu le d' bhoideach',
Mionnan mor as m' a'ire;
Mur a fan thu foil
Gòisничidh tu manach.

Lest thy bending brows
Pierce my soul, and slay more
Quickly than bent bows
Or a shining claymore;
Lest thy warm lips draw
My heart to sweets forbidden;—
I could wish—bnt, ah!
Keep, oh, keep them hidden.

Keep thy breath away,
Its fragrance round me stealing
Sends my thoughts astray,
And sets my brain a reeling.
I am so beset
With thy witching beauty,
That I may forget
Vows and sacred duty.

Song by "Eagar;"

22—EALAIDH GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.

KEY E $\frac{2}{4}$: d | r : r , m | r : m , s | l : s , l | r : m , f | s : m , r |

SEISB—Air faill - ir - in, ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, o, Air faill - ir - in, }

CHORUS—Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, o, Air fal - yir - in, }

| d : r , m | s : m , r | d : d , m | s : s , m | s : s , s |

{ ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, o, Air faill - ir - in, ill - ir - in, }

eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, o, Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in, }

| l : t , d | r : l . t | d : t , l | s : l , d | l . s : f , m | r |

{ uill - ir - in, o, Gur boidheach an commun tha comhuidh'n Strathmor. }

ool - yir - in, o, For kingdom and friendship and bon - nie Strathmore.

The first verse of the Gaelic words is the composition of Mrs MACKENZIE of Balone. The rest, Gaelic and English, is by EWEN MACLACHLAN.

28—FEAR A BHATA—THE BOATMAN.

Slowly and tenderly



KEY E. ((r) : r, m | f : d¹, l : l, s, f | m : s. (1) : l, r | r : d, r : m, r | r, d, - : l,)
 'S tric mi sealluinn o'n chnoc a's air - de, Dh'fheuch and faic mi fear a bhà - ta,
 I climb the mountains, and scan the o - cean For thee, my boatman, with fond de - vo - tion,
 Seisid, — Fhir a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Fhir a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le,
 Chorus. — O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la,



((r) : r, m | f : s, f : m, r | f : s., (s) : l, d¹ | r¹ : d¹, l : l, s, m | r : r,)
 An tig thu b'liugh no an tig thu mairreach? S'mur tig thu i - dir gur truagh a ta mi!
 When shall I see thee? to - day? to - morrow? Oh! do not leave me in lone - ly sorrow.
 Fhir a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Gu ma slan duit's gach ait' an tuid thin!
 O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, Happy be thou where'er thou sailest!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite;
 'S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shùilean;
 An tig thu nochd, no 'm bi mo dhùil riut?
 No 'n dùn mi 'n dorus, le osna thursaich?

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta,
 Am fac iad thu, no 'm bheil thu sàbhailt:
 Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite,
 Gur gòrach mi, ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn dhe 'n t-sioda,
 Gheall e siod agus breacan rionhach;
 Fain' dòr anns am faicinn lomhaigh;
 Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dì-chumaln.

Ged a thuirt iad gu'n robb thu aetrom,
 Cha do lughadaich sied mo ghaol ort;
 Bì'dh tu 'm aisling anns an oïdheche,
 Is anns a mhaduimh bì'dh mi 'g ad fhoighneachd.

Thug mi gaol duit 's cha 'n fhaod mi aïcheadh;
 Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol riadhe;
 Ach gaol a thòisich muair bha mi 'm phàisde,
 'S nach searg a chaoi dh, gus an claoi dh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,
 Gu'm fèum mi t'aogas a chur air dì-chinnimhn';
 Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho dionhain,
 'S hbi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaiddh.

Bì'dh mi tuille gn thàrsach, deurach,
 Mar eala bhàn 's i an déigh a renbadh;
 Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
 Is each uile an deigh a tréigsinn.

Broken-hearted I droop and languish,
 And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish;
 Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?
 Or close the door, sighing sad and weary?

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
 If they have heard of, or seen my lover;
 They never tell me—I'm only chided,
 And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady
 A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
 A ring of gold which would show his semblance,
 But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

That thou rt a rover my friends have told me,
 But not the less to my heart I hold thee;
 And every night in my dreams I see thee,
 And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
 Is not a season's brief emotion;
 Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
 And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

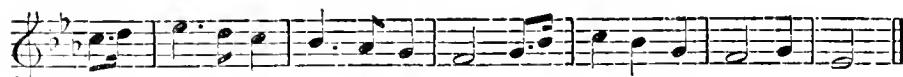
My friends oft tell me that I must sever
 All thought of thee from my heart for ever;
 Their words are idle—my passion's swelling,
 Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
 Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,
 Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
 By all her comrades at last forsaken.

24—AN GAOL TAIRIS—THE FAITHFUL LOVE.



KEY E_b. { m.,f | s : d : d | d : - .r : m | r : - : m.,f | s : m : s | l : - : s | s : - }
 O! bhuanach sinn tairis 'n ar gaol, Fad bhliadhna bn chaochlach euairt; }
 Our love has been constant and bright, Nor changed with the changeful years;



{ l.,t | d' : - .t : l | s : - .f : m | r : - : m.,s | l : s : m | r : - : m | d : - ||
 A sealbhachadh aoibhneis a cheil' 'S a measgnadh ar denr 's ar smuairn. ||
 Each glad in the oth - er's delight, And mixing our cares and tears.

'S nuair dh' fhair'inn-sa mulad no heud
 Ghrad thigeadh o'd bheul dhomh foir,
 Oir dh' iompaicheadh d'fhailte gun phleid
 Gach duibhre gu lens thra-nòin.

'S tric aighear 'ns subhachas daond'
 A tionndaidh gu aoiigh a bhròin,
 Mar thuirlingeas duilleach nan craobh
 A's t-fhoghar, 's an raon fo cheò.

Ge minic a dh'fhiorsaich sinn daor
 A mhalairt so, ghaoil, fo leòn,
 Gur h-eòl dhuiinn le cheil' air gach taobh
 A h-aon nach d'rinn aom o'n nòs.

O! bhuanach sinn tairis 'nar gaol
 Fad bhliadhna bn chaochlach euairt,
 A sealbhachadh aoibhneis a cheil'
 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.

Is caidreamaid dochas gunn g-eill
 Na shiubhail d' ar r'e do'n chòrr;
 Co-phàirticheans' acain do chleibh
 'Us gabh-s' air m' uil' eibhneis còir.

Had I ever a trouble or grief
 But your help and caresses came soon?
 Your kindness still brought me relief,
 And changed all my darkness to noon.

Earth's rosiest pleasures one sees
 Oft turn to the pallor of pain,
 As when autumn dismantles the trees,
 And makes barren and bleak the plain.

Our joys into griefs thus to run,
 My darling, too often we knew;
 But each of us still knew of one
 That was always found tender and true.

Our love has been constant and bright,
 Nor changed with the changeful years,
 Each glad in the other's delight,
 Aye mixing our troubles and tears.

Then, dear, let us hope the worst part
 Of our life is the part that is flown;
 Let me share all the woes of your heart,
 And make all my gladness your own.

Song by "Abraach."

25—CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH—MACKINTOSH LAMENT.

KEY B₂. { | m : - : r | m : - : - | m : - : r | d : - : - | r : - : r | m : - : - | r : - : d | l : - : - }

Och nan och! leag iad thu, Och nan och! leag iad thu,
Och nan och! thou art low, Och nan och! tale of woe,

FINE.

S { | d : - : l | d : - : r | d : - : l | s : - : l | d | r : - : d | r | m : - : m | r : - : - | d : - : - }

Och nan och! leag iad thu, 'M beal - ach a ghar - aidh;
Leag an t-teach barr - fhionn thu, 'M beal - ach a ghar - aidh.
Sad thy fate, laid so low, Laid where they slew thee;
'Twas thy proud charg - er's force Mad - ly that threw thee.

D.S.

{ | m : - : r | m | s : - : m | m : - : r | d | d : - : - | r : - : d | r | m : - : r | d | r : - : d | l | l : - : - }

Leag an t-teach barr - fhionn thu, Leag an t-teach barr - fhionn thu,
'Twas thy wild war - like horse, In his fierce fier - y course,

Is mise 'bhean mhuladach,
'Giulan na curraice,
O'n chuala gach duine,
Gur ann 'na mhullach bha 'm fabhar.
'S i maighdeann ro dhulbach,
Nach fhainicheadh tuilleadbh mi,
O'n taca so 'n-niridh,
O'n la chuireadh am fainn' orm.

'S mis' tha gu tursach,
'S tric snidh air mo shuilean,
'S mi 'g ionndrainn an fhurain,
Marcachir 'ur 'nan stedh aluinn.
Cha teid mi gu bainnis,
Gu feill no ga faidhir,
Gur ann toiseach an earraich,
Fhuair mi 'n t-saighead a chraidh mi!

Marcachir an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Leumnaich dhuibh! leumnaich dhuibh!
Marcachir an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Reub an t-teach han thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Gu'n fhios domh 's mi lamh riut!

Wearing my widow's dress
While these griefs round me press,
Mourning in deep distress,
Sadly I linger.
Oh, but my heart is wae!
Oh, how unlike the day
When first this circle lay
Fair on my finger!

Under my widow's weeds,
Oh, how my bosom bleeds,
Rider of gallant steeds,
Weeping, I mourn thee:
Ne'er shall my heavy heart
Have in earth's joys a part;
Death, with his fatal dart,
Sorely hath torn me.

On thy black bounding steed,
Riding with eager speed,
Slain by the milk-white steed,
Where it had thrown thee.
Oh, my young darling Hugh,
Slain e'er I ever knew;
Dead! oh, my dearest Hugh,
I must bemoan thee!

Composed by the bride-widow of EVAN OR HUGH, Chief of MACKINTOSH, who was killed on his marriage day.
Translation by L. M. Good settings of this melody are given in LOGAN'S Collection, and Professor BROWN'S
"The Thistle."

26—AM FOIRNEADH—THE MOTHER'S EXHORTATION.

CHORUS.

KEY C. | $s, m : d, l - | d, d : s, m | s, m : d, r | m, s, - : l | s, m : d, l - | s, d : s, f$ }
 Isabail nach gabh thu furas? Isabail nach dean thu tanbh? Isabail gu bheil thu'gorach
 Bella, will you not be quiet? Bella, why in such a whirl? If you do not marry Donald,

SONG.

| $m, r : d, r | m, s, - : l | s, m, - : d, l | s, m : f, r, - | s, d : t, l | s, m : l$ }
 Mur a pos thu Domull! Ban. Ged a thainig e gu laithibh Thae laidir reachdor slan,
 Bella, you're a silly girl. You'll be happy yet together; Tho' he's old, he's stout and kind;

| $s, m, - : d, l | s, m : f, r, - | m, r : d, r | m, s, - : l | s, m, - : d, l | s, m : f, r, -$ }
 Na bhiom'gain ort a h-alach, Bi' tu'd mhathair na gabh sgath. 'S math do bhord a bhi gun ghainne,
 You a smiling wife and mother, He a husband to your mind. Better take him, rich and mellow,

| $m, d : t, m | s, m : l | s, m, - : m, r, - | d, l : s, f | m, r : d, r | m, s : l$ }
 'S pailteas bainne aig do bhà, Seach bhi'n taice giullain shuaraich! 'S e gun bhuaille aig no bharr.
 And have wealth and cattle now, Than take some poor worthless fellow, Who has neither corn nor cow.

Gheibh thu deiseachan is riomhadh,
 Cha bhi dith ort, theid mi'n rath;
 'S fearr duit sin na'n airc, is briodal
 Iain chrin a Daill-a-chàis.
 Tog dhe d' iona mairt feadh an tighe,
 Cha'n eil math dhuit a bhi bith;
 Glac an gliccas, 's glac an storas
 Tha cho deonach teachd a'd d'ail.

Isabail, mur gabh thu 'n taigse
 Bi' mi feargach riut gu bràth,
 Mur a cord thu nochd ri Donull
 Gabh mu d' chaiseart tòs an la.
 Greas, gabh comhairle, 's cuir umad,
 Bidh an duine so gunn dàil,
 Nach biadh aileag ann do mhuineal
 Nuair a chuireas e ort fàilt.

You'll get jewelry and dresses,
 And you'll never want for cash;
 Better than mere caresses
 From wee John of Dalachash.
 What's the good of being saucy?
 Stop your fussing through the house;
 Take the wealth that offers, lassie,
 And be thrifty, wise, and crouse.

Bella, you will cause me sorrow
 If your chances you abuse;
 You may leave the house to morrow
 If old Donald you refuse.
 Quick and dress, and show your graces;
 There, your man is coming, Miss;
 Now, don't you be making faces
 When he greets you with a kiss.

Song by J. MUNRO.

27—O THEID SINN—AWAY, AWAY.

CHORUS.

KEY D. (m.s | 1 : r | d | : m , m | s , f : m , r | d | : m.s | 1 : r | d | : m , d | r : - | r)
 (o theid sinn, theid sinn le suigeart agus aoidh, o theid sinn, theid sinn deon - ach
 A - way, a - way with a merry, merry lay, With song and heart - y chor - us,

FINE.

(m.s | 1 : r | d | : m | s , f : m , r | d | : t , d | r | : d | t | 1 , s : f , m | r : - | r)
 (o theid sinn, theid sinn thairis air an t-Sruidh, Gu minnitir ar dainh us ar n-eol - as.
 We'll cross the Forth, and rivers of the north, A - way to the land that bore us.

SONG.

(m.r | d | : d | d | : - d | r | : d | t , 1 | 1 , s : - : s | 1 : r | r | : - : m | r | : - d | 1)
 (Ged bha sinn bladhn - tan fa - da fa - da bhuath, Am Bai - le Chluaidh a còmh - muidh,
 Though we may roam far from our Highland home, Where Clyde's brown flood is swell - ing,

D.C.

(t | d | d | d | r | d | : t , 1 | s , f : m , r | d | : r , m | 1 : s , m | 1 , s : f , m | r : - | r)
 (Car tamul beag gun treig sinn ar gairm 'us gun teid sinn, A dh' fhaotainn an graidh 'nsan còmhraidih
 We'll seek our native vales, And we'll hear the Highland tales, That the friends of our childhood are telling.

'Us chi sinn an caol, air 'm faca sinn, le gaoith,
 Na bataichean aotrom seoladh;
 'Us chi sinn na beantnan a gleidheadh sneachd 's
 an t-samhraidih,
 'Us chi sinn na h-ainnheichean boilheach.
 O theid sinn, &c.

'Us chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait 's an d'rugadh sinn
 'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach;
 'Us chi sinn na coilltean, le aighear is toil-inntinn
 'S am bitheadh sinn a cluinnntinn an smeorach.
 O theid sinn, &c.

Again we'll view the places that we knew—
 The bay with boats in motion,
 The mountains all sublime with their snow in
 summer time,
 And rivers rolling down to the ocean.
 Away, &c.

We'll see each ben, and bonnie, bonnie glen,
 And wander through the wild wood,
 Where the thrush on leafy spray warbles all the
 live-long day,
 Where we used to play in childhood.
 Away, &c.

Gaelic words by the late JOHN MUNRO, Glasgow.

28—LINN AN AIGH—THE HAPPY AGE.



KEY f. r
C. (An | nair | lha | Gàilig | aig | na | h-eòin | Eha'm | bainne | air | an | lòn | mar | dhriùchd |)
When all the birds in Gaelic sang Milk lay like dew up on the lea:



(. t | m | : - . r | : t | , l | f | . m | : s | : - . t | r | , m | : l | : - . d | m | . m | : r | : - . |)
A | mhil | a' | fhs | air | bàrr | an | fhraoich, | A | h-nile | nì | cho | saor | 's | am | bùrn.
The heath er in to honey sprang, And everything was good and free.

Cha robh daoin' a' paidheadh mìail;
Orra cha robh càin no cis—
Iasgach, sealgach agus coill
Gun fhoighneachd aca 'ns gun phrìs.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri;
Cha robh cònnachadh no streup ann;
H-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnuidh
Anns an t-seòl 'bu deòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air erich no tòir;
Eha gach dùil 'tigh'nn bed an sith;
Feum 's am bith eha robh air mòd,
'Us lagh na còrach air a' chridh'.

Dh' òr no dh' airgiod cha robh miagh;
Sdgh 'us fialachd air gach làimh;
Cha d' fhiorsraich bochduinn duine riabh,
Ni 's mò a dh' iarr neach riabh cui'd chàich.

Bha caoimhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh
Anns gach àit am measg an t-slaigh,
Eadar far an d' éirich grian
'Us far an laidh i niar 's a chnain,

An uair lha Gàilig aig na h-eòin.

No tax or tribute used to fall
On honest men, nor any rent;
To hunt and fish was free to all,
And timber without price or stent.

There was no discord, war or strife,
For none were wronged and none oppressed;
But every one just led the life
And did the things that pleased him best

All lived in peace, there was no sort
Of prey or plunder, feud or fight;
There was no need for any court—
Their hearts contained the law of right.

For gold or silver no one cared,
Yet want and woe were never near;
All had enough, and richly fared,
And none desired his neighbour's gear.

Love, pity, and good-will were spread
Among the people everywhere,
From where the morning rises red
To where the evening shineth fair,

When all the birds in Gaelic sang.

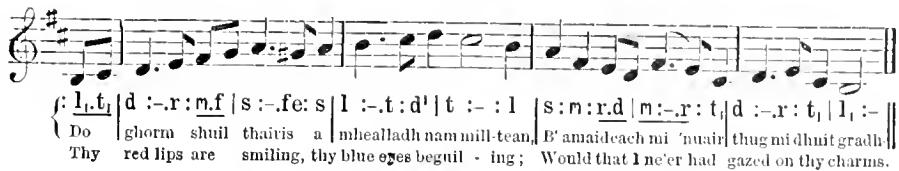
Gaelic song by J. MACCUARAO.

29—CUIR A CHION DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

CHORUS.



KEY D. || m : - .f : s | l : - : t | d : - .m : r : d : t : - : l | s : m : d : t : - : l | s : m : l | l : - ||
 Cuir, a chion di - lis, di - lis, di - lis, Cuir, a chion di - lis, tharam do lambh;
 Sweetest and dear - est, fair - est, dear - est, Take me, my dar - ling, now in thine arms;



{ l : t | d : - x : m : f | s : - fe : s | l : - t : d : t : - : l | s : m : r : d | m : - r : t | d : - x : t | l : - ||
 Do ghorm shuil thairis a mhealladh nam mill-tean, B' amaireach mi 'nuair thug mi dhuin gradh;
 Thy red lips are smiling, thy blue eyes beguil - ing; Would that I ne'er had gazed on thy charms.

SONG.



{ l : 1 | d : - .r : m : | m : - m : f | m : r : d : d : t : - : l : s | d : - .t : d : | r : - .d : r : | m : - .r : e : m : | m : - ||
 Rinn deisead do phearsa nach fhasas a thairmeas, Giomachd fo'n chuach-chul tha canagach tla,
 Thy beauty and brightness and lightness in go - ing Under the bon - nie brown waves of thy hair,



{ d : r : | m : f : m : r : d : | r : m : r : d : t | l : s : f : m : d : | t : - : l | s : m : r : d | m : - r : t | d : - x : t | l : - ||
 Rinn dealradh do mhaise 'ns lasadh do ghraindhean, Mise ghrad-bhualadh thairis gu lar.
 Thy lips red and luscious, and blushes bright glowing, Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

Do dhearc-shuilean glana, fo mhala gun
 ghruaimean,

Thy blue eyes soft beaming and gleaming, my
 treasure,

'S daingeann a bhualadhaise le d' ghràdh.

Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn,
 With passion have filled me, and thrilled me with
 pleasure;

Do ròs-bhilean tana, seimh, farasda suairee,
 Cladhaicheadh m' uaigh mur glae thu mo lambh.

Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.

Thoir fuasgladh air m' anam, o'n cheangal is
 eruaidhe;

Thy charms are ensnaring, despairing I languish;

Cuimhnich air t'uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs;

Free me—remember how noble thou art;

Na bhiadhams'a'm thràill dhuit gu bràth o'an uair so;

No longer enslave me but save me from anguish:

Ach tiomaich o chruas do ehridhe gu tlàs.

Love, sweetest love—let it soften thine heart.

Cha 'n fhaodar leam eadal, air leabaidh an
 uaigheas,

For me there's no sleeping; but weeping, grief-
 laden,

'S m' aigne 'g a bhuaireadh dh' oidhche 's a là;

Midnight and morning with sorrow I dwell;

Ach ainnir a's binne, 's a's grimne, 's a's suairee,

But, oh! should my sweetest and neatest young

Gabhsa dhiom truas 'ns bithidh mi slàn.

Pity and love me, I soon should be well. [maiden

30—A CHAILINN THA TAMH MU LOCH EITE—THE LASS BY LOCH ETIVE.

KEY F, (d¹, l) | s : m : r , d | d : - , r : m , f | s : - , l : s | s : m : d |

SEISD—
Cha'n eil mi mar b'abh - aist la seachduin no Sabaid, 'S cha
Dh'fhas cianal air m'aig - ne bho'n thug mi 'chiat aire Do'n

CHORUS—I'm dreary on Sun - day, I'm wea - ry on Mon - day, And
A lovely young na - tive, from bon - nie Loch E - tive, Has

D.C.

duis - ear a pramh gu deagh | ghleus mi; Bha am ann 'ns shaol mi nach |

chaillinn tha tamh mu Loch Elite.
noth - ing can wake me to glad - ness; I once had the no - tion, that for
filled me with love and with sad - ness.

* First time end with F (doh¹); second time end with C (soh).

m : - x : d | r : m : s | l : - : s : | m , f | s : l : d¹ | r¹ : - , d¹ : r¹ |

beanadh an gaol rinn 's nach maothaicheadh idir mo chridh' ris; Ach
love's strange e - mo - tion My heart was too careless and list - less; I've

m¹ : - r¹ : d¹ | d¹ : l : s | l : - , s : l | s : l : d¹ | r¹ : - : l | : : d¹, r¹ |

chaeachail am beachd sin 'ns tha mi nis faicinn Gur deae - air e duine bhi strith ris.
changed that opinion, I've felt its do - minion, And find that its sway is re - sist - less.

Aig coimhinn na h-éigridh 's ann cluir mi 'n
ceud éolas
Air an og-chailinn choimhlionta, chiataich;
'U's cha tig e an gradag a mhúchas an t-sradag
A rinn ise fhadadh 'n an chliadh sa.
Cha dùth dhomh bhi luaidh air na feartan thug
bnaidh orn,
'S a mhiosgail bho shuainhlneas gu bròn mi—
A gnáis fhoimnidh, filathail, a sùilean caoin, tairis,
'S a binn-bheul o'm blasda thig cùmhradh.
Is finealta, nasal a bens 'us a gluasad;
Is ceanalta, suairce a nádair;
'N a pearsa cho loineil, 'n a deise cho sgoineil—
Cha'n ioghnadh ged 's toigh leam a' ghráilheag.
Se cuspair mo smaointean a latha 's a dh' éidhche
A dh' thòill-seachadh seol air bhi reibh rith;
'Chionn mur faigh mi a buannachd ri 'm bheò
bìdh mi truagh dheth,
Fo sgàil dhuibh gun suaimhneas gun
éibhmeas.

At a young people's meeting I first got her
greeting,
This fair one for whom I am yearning,
And her loveliness threw some love sparks in my
bosom,
That still are unquenchably burning.
The graces displayed in this charming young
maiden
Are past all my powers of relation:
Her smile that entrances, her bright loving
glances,
Her artless and sweet conversation—
Each feature and gesture, each fold of her vesture,
Each word and each motion discover
She's peerlessly pretty, wise, modest and witty—
Dear lassie, no wonder I love her!
Both sleeping and waking my heart it is aching;
To win her esteem I'll endeavour;
And if my enslaver deny me her favour,
My life shall be clouded for ever.

New song by M. M. MACFARLANE; translation by L. M. The air is known as "Airiadh nam badan."

31—CRONAN A LULLABY.

KEY A.

(m : r : d) (m : r : d) (r : d : r) (m : - : s) }
 Cag - ar - an, Cag - ar - an, eag - ar - an, gaol - ach,
 Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, o,

(m : r : d) (m : r : d) (r : d : t₁) (l₁ : - : s₁) }
 Cag - ar - an, fogh - aint - each, fear - de - mo - dhaoi - ne
 Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - - - ro;

(s₁ : l₁ : t₁) (d : r : m) (r : d : r) (m : - : s) }
 Gold - idh - e goibh - air - dhomh, gold - idh - e caoir - ich,
 None will be big - ger, or brav - er, or strong - er:

(f : m : r) (d : t₁ : l₁) (s₁ : l₁ : t₁) (r : - : d) ||
 Goid - idh - e cap - ull 'us mart - o - na raoi - - team.
 Lull - a - by, lit - the one, cry - ing no long - - er.

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,
 Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine;
 Goidlidh e gobhair 'us goidlidh e caoinich,
 Goidlidh e sithionn o fhireach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dùin do shùilean,
 Dean an cadalan beag 'na mo sgùrdaich;
 Rinn thu an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,
 Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu!

Thuit e 'na chadalan thuit e 'na shuaimean;
 Cairisidh ainglean gu cairdeil mu'n eunart da;
 Cluinnidh e'n guthan a eagar 'na chluasan,
 'S bithidh fiamh-ghàire air gràdhan 'na bhruadar!

Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby,
 He'll be a hero and fight for us maybe;
 Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be;
 None will be bolder or braver than baby.

Softly and silently eyelids are closing;
 Dearest wee jewel, so gently he's dosing;
 Softly he's resting by slumber o'ertaken;
 Soundly he's sleeping and sweetly he'll waken.

Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him;
 Angels are lovingly watching around him—
 Beautiful spirits, his sorrow beguiling,
 Sweetly they whisper, and baby is smiling!

The three first verses of the Gaelic are relies of an old Lochaber lullaby.

32—BAN-RIGH BHICTORIA—QUEEN VICTORIA.

CHORUS.

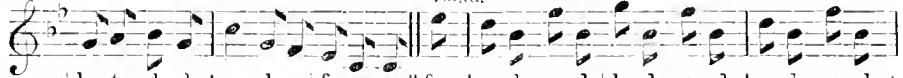


KEY B. { s, s, d : m, r | d : s, t, d : s, f, m, d, d, d | r, m : f, m | r : l, d }
 Cuiribh fonn air an dàn so an can-ain ar-náithrichean, Us togaibh leam an t-seisid so, gnu
 Now a bold and sonor- ous good chor-us from Highlanders. Ring out your hearty cheers, Mountain-



{ r : l, s, f, r, r, t, d : m, r | d : s, t, d : s, f, m, d, d, m, r, m, f, l, s }
 h-eutrom'sgu caithreamach; Tha clanna nan Gaidheal tama measg nam mor-bheanna. Leòduraichd ag eur
 ers and brave Islanders; All join this refrain, for the reign, long and glor-i-ous, The royal rule of

SONG.



{ l, t, d, l, r, l, s, f, r, r, t, f, m, d : s, d | l, d : s, d | m, d : s, d }
 fault air a' Eban-righ'nn Victoria. Tha Sasunn doirteadh mach a h-air a storasaibh gnu
 blessings full, the good Queen Victoria's. The Saxon land, with lavish hand, has shown her liber-



{ m, d : d, m | f, r : l, r | t, r : l, r | f, s : l, s | f, r : r, f | m, d : s, d }
 fughantach; An Eirinn fhein a' deanamh streip a mi-thlachd ghean a thiomachadh; Na Cnimirch agus
 al-i-ty; Ev'n Erin's Isle resumes her smile of sweetest, rarest qual-i-ty; On Lowland dales and



{ l, d : s, d | s, l, d, r | m, d : d, s | l, f : s, m | f, r : m, d | r : l, s, f, r, r, t, }
 Goillnah-Alb'nn aird air mar is urrainn daibh, A choisreagadh gn h-nasal fiataidh bliadhna na h-inbili!
 hills of Wales, that ancient Principal-i-ty, This Jubi-ice they keep with glee, and free cordi-al-i-ty!

Ach sinne, Gaidheil nan criochan garbh,
 Is teare 's an am ar bheachan;
 Is eutrom, faladh, fas, gun-or,
 Ar picamman 's ar n-ionnasan;
 Cha'n e ar nòs bhi spaideil, sporsail,
 Bruidhmeach, bòsdail, mòdalach,
 'Us fairgidh sinn, mar sin, do'n Bhanrigh'nn
 Lian-ghradh ar eridheachan.

Gin lion i mòran làithean fhathast
 Cathair ard nam Breatunnach;
 Gu'm fas a cùrdreamh honnbor, Eu;
 Gu'm faigh a nàimhdeid beagachadh;
 Gu'm meal i sonas, gràdh an t-sloigh,
 'Us glòr 'n a làithlìbh deireannach;
 'S ma leanas iadsan thig 'n a deigh
 'N a cennaidh cha'n eagal dinne,
 Am measg nan linn a b' airde glòir,
 Le'n daoine mòra, foghainteach;
 Am measg nam fine choisimh eftu
 Fo righeibh eisidel, comasach;
 A dh'aindeoin beachd nan eadhraichean
 Gu deimhinn, 's iad mo roghainn-sa
 Ar einneadh fein, an linn a tha
 'S ar Bhanrigh'nn Victoria.

But we the Gaels, in lonely vales
 Beyond the frowning Grampians,
 Though clansmen true, are poor and few,
 Bereft of chiefs and champions.
 Though we've been proud and never bowed
 With praises loud to royalty,
 Our Queen and land shall aye command
 Our hand, heart and loyalty.

Long may she reign o'er land and main,
 No loss or pain distressing her,
 Her friends increasing, foes decreasing,
 Health unceasing blessing her;
 Long may her people shower upon her
 Love and honour merited;
 May sons unborn her virtues see
 By kings to be inherited.
 Of every age upon the page
 Of Britain's sage historian,
 For this we claim the highest fame,
 This age we name Victorian;
 And surely none such victories won
 So wisely, bravely, humanly;
 And that our Lady none has been
 More uneenly or womanly.

Gaelic song written for this collection by Mr M. MACFARLANE.

PART II.

Sacred Songs of the Gael.

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(Nos. 1, 2, 3, 17, and 22 are Harmonised.)

1—LUCHD-TURUIS NA BEATHA—LIFE'S PILGRIMS.



Nach falc thu an sluagh, do chala nam buadh A fhuaireadh na stuidhan benc - ach?
Life's pilgrims, at rest in the isles of the blest, No storms can molest for ev - er;

KEY: $\left\{ \begin{matrix} :d & d : r : m & m : - : s.m & r : d : r & m : - : d & l_1 : d : l_1 & s_1 : - : d.m & r : - : - & d : - \\ :d & d : t_1 : d & d : - : m.d & t_1 : d : t_1 & d : - : m_1 & f_1 : l_1 : f_1 & s_1 : - : s_1 & f_1 : - : - & m_1 : - \end{matrix} \right\}$
F. $\left\{ \begin{matrix} :m & s : s : s & s : - : s.s & s : m : s & s : - : m & d : d : d & d : - : d & t_1 : - : - & d : - \\ :d & m : r : d & d : - : d.d & s_1 : l_1 : s_1 & d : - : l_1 & f_1 : f_1 : f_1 & m_1 : - : m_1 & s_1 : - : - & d : - \end{matrix} \right\}$



Tha sonas is sith a liomadh gach cridh, 'S cha sgarar iad chaoiadh bho chei - le.
But peacefully there all blessings they share, Sweet fellowship ne'er to sev - er.

$\left\{ \begin{matrix} :s & l : d' : l & s : - : s.m & r : d : l & s : - : d & l_1 : d : l_1 & s_1 : - : d.m & r : - : - & d : - \\ :d & d : d : d & d : - : m.d & t_1 : d : d & d : - : s_1 & l_1 : f_1 : f_1 & m_1 : - : d & d : t_1 : - & d : - \\ :m & f : l : f & m : - : s & f : m : f & s : - : s.m & d : d : d & d : - : m.s & s : - : f & m : - \\ :d & f : f : f & d : - : d & s_1 : l_1 : f_1 & m_1 : - : m_1 & f_1 : l_1 : f_1 & d : - : d & s_1 : - : - & d : - \end{matrix} \right\}$

Tha'n truaighean aig cridh, tha cruin air an cinn,
Gu binn th_iad scinn le eibhneas,
Tuit moladh is eliu dh' Fhearr-saoraidh an ruin,
Thug aabhallt 'g a dh' ionnsuidh fein iad.

Nuain theann iad ri falbh bha'n t-slighe dhaibh
dorch,
'S mu'n cuairt dhaibh bha'n stoirm a seideadh
Gu' robh iomadh ni cur eagal 'na n cridh
Bha'm peacanna lionmhòr eitidh.

Chaidh sgapadh 'a na neoil bha cur orra sgleo,
Is chunnaic iad glòir an Trenn-fhir:
Le creideann 'na ghradh 's na umblachd 'nan ait,
Iad fein thug iad dha le eibhneas.

Now free from all pain, in glory they reign,
With sweetest refrain high swelling;
His praises, who bore them safe to that shore,
Their songs evermore are telling.

They set out in fear, their journey seemed drear,
And tempests severe distressed them;
Dire trouble they found, dark night on them
frowned,
And sins all around sore pressed them.

Their terrors were quelled, their darkness dispelled,
God's light they beheld down-pouring;
With faith in His grace, they came to His place,
And fell on their face, adoring.

The verses are from JOHN MACLEAN'S "Saorsa tre fhuil an Uain," translated by L. MACBEAN. Slightly different versions of the air appeared in the "Popular Gaelic Melodies," and Professor BROWN'S "Thistle." The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

2—AN DACHAIDH BHUAN—THE LASTING NAME.

Air dhomh bhi sealntinn air saoighle truagh Chi mi caochladh tigh'n air gach uair,
 In this puir warl', fu' o' sin an' shame, Where death an' change can ilk moment claim,

KEY	s_1	$s_1 : - : l_1$	$d : - : r.d$	$l_1 : - : l_1$	$s_1 : - : r$	$m : - : r.m$	$s : - : m.r$	$d : - : l_1$	$s_1 : -$
	m_1	$m_1 : - : f_1$	$s_1 : - : s_1$	$l_1 : - : f_1$	$m_1 : - : s_1$	$s_1 : - : s_1$	$s_1 : - : s_1.f_1$	$m_1 : - : f_1$	$m_1 : -$
BD.	d	$d : - : d$	$d : - : t_1.d$	$d : - : d$	$d : - : r$	$d : - : s$	$m : - : d.t_1$	$d : - : d$	$d : -$
	d_1	$d_1 : - : f_1$	$m_1 : - : r.m_1$	$f_1 : - : f_1$	$d : - : t_1$	$d : - : t_1.d$	$d : - : s_1.s_1$	$l_1 : - : f_1$	$d : -$

A musical score for two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in common time. The music is composed of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with some notes beamed together. The notes are primarily black, with some white notes appearing in the bass staff.

Chi mi! daoine a cur an culrium, 'Sa dol gi dluth chum an Dachaidh Bhuan.
Where frien's are ev. er frae frien's di - vid - in', Tae gang an' bide in the Lasting Hame,

r	$m :- r, m$	$s :- m, r$	$m :- r$	$d :- r, m$	$s_1 :- l_1$	$d :- r, d$	$l_1 :- s_1$	$s_1 :-$
s_1	$s_1 :- s_1$	$s_1 :- s_1, s_1$	$s_1 :- s_1$	$s_1 :- s_1, s_1$	$s_1 :- f_1$	$s_1 :- s_1, s_1$	$f_1 :- f_1$	$m_1 :-$
r	$d :- t_1, d$	$d :- d, t_1$	$d :- t_1$	$d :- t_1, d$	$m :- r$	$d :- t_1, d$	$d :- t_1$	$d :-$
t_1	$d :- s_1$	$m_1 :- s_1, s_1$	$d_1 :- r_1$	$m_1 :- r, d_1$	$d_1 :- f_1$	$m_1 :- r, m_1$	$f_1 :- s_1$	$d_1 :-$

Is sean is eg a dol sios do'n naigh,
Air lag 's air laidir tha'm bas toirt bhaidh,
Nuair thig an t-am dhaibh an saoghal fhagail,
Ma's tinn no slan iad, cha tamh iad uair.

Ach 's rabhadh mor sud do chach de'n t-sluagh
'S is mithich dhomhsa gun chur fad uam,
Tha rabhadh garbh ann bhi deas gu falbh as
Oir that'n taigh talmhaidh gu tigh'n'n a nuas.

Aeh ma's firean thuñ thug am faim,
'S do'n d' ríneadh príseal an Ti thuñ bualdh,
Tha 'g iarradhimeachd a eumna na trinn,
Is 't aghaidh direach air Siou shuas:

Is e agamdui dreach air Siora smidis,
'S na h-nile cuius anns am bi ort feum,
'S e fantuinn dlinh ris, fo sgail a sgeith,
Eileir ort gun gualan thu h-nile cuius dlinh,
Nuair blitheas do shuil ris ne dh' shuiling e

Nuaire blitheas do shuit ris na dh' iuthuiling e.
Is ged tha chairdean an so air chuaire
Bheir e an aird iad, is gheibh iad dnais;
Nuaire thig am bas theid iad suas gu Parras,
Bh' fhearradh a luch a thig an Fada.

'S br' iad gu brath aig an Dachaidh Bhuan.

Baith young an' auld tae the grave are ta'en,
Baith weak an' bauld death will mak' his ain,
In health or siekness, in peace or anger,
They can nae langer on earth remain.

A solemn warnin' is this tae a',
That I maun never pit far awa'
But aye be ready, for this is tellin'
The earthly dwellin' is sune tae fa'.

But if we ken the sweet joyfu' soun',
An' ha'e our treasure in Jesus foun',
An' tread the pathway o' truth an' blees.

An' tread the pathway o' truth an' blessin'
Still forward pressin', tae Zion boun',
In ilka trial we hae tae bear
We'll stand by our friends, we'll stand by our bairns.

We'll nestle near Him, there's shelter there,
For if we trust Him, whate'er betide us,
He'll save an' guide us for ever mair.
His frien's on earth He will ne'er disclaim,

But bring wi' joy a' that le'e His name,
Frae His dear presence me mair tae sever,
But share for ever His Lasting Name.

From the favourite hymn by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACDEAN. The air was noted down for this collection from a Gaelic singer, and harmonized by Mr MURRAY, Glasgow.

3—AN AISEIRIGH—THE RESURRECTION.

Solemn expression.

Air meadh-on oideach' muair bhios an saogh' Air aomadh thairis ann an snaini.

At midnight, when a slumber deep Has over man and nature passed,

KEY. **A** **KEY.** **B** **KEY.**

Gradh dhuisgear suas an eimh-e-daoin' Le guth na trompaid 's airde fuaim.

Mankind shall be awaked from sleep, By sound of the last trumpet's blast,

Air neul ro ard ni fhollseach' fein,

Ard-aingeal treum le trompaid mhòir;

Is gairmidh air t-saogh' gu leir,

Iad a ghrad éiridh chum a' mhòid.

Seididh e le sgàil cho ernaidh,

'S gu'n enir e sléibhite 's eanu'n ruith;

Clisidh na bhios marbh 'san naigh,

Is na bhios beò le h-annamh crith.

Le h-osraig dhioniomhaich a bheil

An saogh' so reubaidh e go targ,

'S mar dhian an t-seangain dol 'na ghluais,

Gradh bhruichaidh 'n uaign a nios a' mairbh.

Mosgaidh na fireanach an tis,

Is dùisgeat iad gu leir o'n suain,

An anamabhl tirlingidh o' ghlòir,

Ga'n comhlachadh aig beul na h-uaigh'.

Le noilhneas togaidh iad an eann,

T'a am am fuaighidh orra diu;

Is mar chraobh-inneas fo ionlan blàth

Tha dreach an Slainghean 'nan guis.

Ach daoine uairbreach leis nach b' fhin

Gu 'n imbhlaicheadh iad-fein do Dhia;

O! faic a nis' iad air an glum;

A' deanamh urnaigh is gach slabh.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glorioras suas,

Ard bhratach Chriosd da'n snaineas fuil,

A chruimneachadh na ghluais si' choir

'S d'a thulangan rinn dòigh is bun.

A great archangel on a cloud,
With sounding trumpet, will be seen,
Calling mankind, with accents loud,
To the last Judgment to convene.
Then at that awful trumpet sound
The hills and seas shall flee away,
The dead shall startle in the ground,
The living tremble in dismay.
This solid earth shall rend and rive
By tempest breath, before him sped;
And, like an ant-hill all alive,
The grave shall yield her countless dead.
The righteous dead shall first awake
From restful sleep, and life resume;
Their souls shall down from glory break,
And meet them at the open tomb.
They shall with joy lift up their head,
For their Deliverer is near;
Like blossoms fair on fruit trees spread,
His likeness shall in them appear.
But haughty men who would not deign
Before Almighty God to bow,
Oh, see them on their knees, in vain
Praying to rocks and mountains now!
Then shall a glorious angel raise
Christ's blood-stained banner, waving free,
To gather those that loved His ways
And made His sufferings their plea.

Words from BUCHANAN'S "Day of Judgment." Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air is of Ossianic origin, and a good version of it was recovered by the late J. F. CAMPBELL of Islay. The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

4—GLOIR AN UAIN—THE GLORY OF THE LAMB.



KEY: I. | r:r:r|f:-:s|l:-:l|l:s:f|s:-:f|m:r:d|d:-:-:d|r:r:r|f:-:s }
 D. Tha | Sion a'seinn eo binn's isurraun, Toirt mile urram do'n Uan, 'S a' seinn air aghaol nach }
 Hark! Sion loud rings her King's high praises, She sings and raises her voice His power to proclaim who



{ l:-:l | l:s:f | s:-:s | d:t:l | s:-:l | r:r:r | r:-:f | s:-:f | m:r:d }
 coachail tuille; 'Se shaor i bniileach o'n truagh; Halle-luiah gu buan aig sluagh nam flathens A'
 came to aid her, His fame who made her His choice. Hallelujahs prolong the song that's given A-



{ s:-:f | m:r:d | d:-:-:d | r:r:r | f:-:s | l:-:f | s:1:d' | l:-:f | s:f:m | r:-: }
 cuarteach' cathair an Righ, 'S na leanas an t-Uan de'n t-sluaghair thafamh, So'n fhuaim ni tairis an cridh'
 mong high heaven's bright host; And all who would here live near to Jesus, That dear sound pleases them most

O, 's heag a chaidh Iuaidh dhe bhuaidhean taitneach,
 Measg sluagh 's tu's maisich na cach,
 'S tu's maisich na ghrian, 's tu miann nan cinneach,
 'S do bhiathran sileadh le gras;
 Is tu meangan cluiteach, ur, dh'has fallain,
 'S tu lub' gu talamh o ghleir;
 'S an toradh a ghiulain thu, ma shireas,
 Gheibh Iudhaich 's cinnich dhe coir.

'Se ghaol a bha siorruidh riaraich sinne,
 Is Dia bhi leinne 's an fheoil;
 Is cupan a ghaoil bhi taomadh thairis,
 'Se saor dha 'n-anam ri ol;
 Tha aimhnichean solais, ghormhor, fallain,
 Tigh'n heo o charraig nan al,
 So 'm flor-nisge beo chuireas ceol's gach anam
 A dh'olas glan e mar tha.

Tha t-ainm mar an driuchd, ni's cuhrraidh na oladh
 'S o d'flianus thig solus is gras,
 'S tha briathran do bheil mar cheir na meal
 Toirt sgeul d'ar n-anam air slaint.
 'S tu leomhann treubh Indah, flur nan gaisgeach,
 'S tu dhuising a mach as an uaign;
 'S bith' naimhdean do ghloir 'n an stol fo d'chosailh
 'S do mhorachd marcachd le buaidh.

Oh! who can declare how fair and gracious,
 How rare and precious His worth?
 That Branch of Renown with crown of blessing,
 Weighed down and pressing to earth,
 The Faithful and True, the Dew on Sion,
 And Judah's Lion most strong,
 The Arm of the Lord, the Word most glorious,
 With sword victorious o'er wrong.

The love He bestowed long flowed high swelling,
 For God was dwelling in flesh;
 Those streams full and free that we inherit,
 The weary spirit refresh.
 We joy in Thy sight, Delight of Nations,
 Whose mighty salvation has won,
 Sweet Star, pure and bright, our night adorning,
 Our Light of Morning and Sun.

We praise Thee, O Lord, adored of heaven,
 Whose word has given us breath,
 Thy greatness is ours, Thy powers unending
 Are towers defending from death.
 O Mighty to save! all favour giving,
 Thon ever-living "I am,"
 Creation shall raise loud praise resounding,
 For aye surrounding the Lamb.

From the hymn bearing this title by P. GRANT. The English, by L. MACBEAN, is not a translation, but imitates the expressions and poetical form of the Gaelic verses.

5—LAOIDH MOLAIDH—HYMN OF PRAISE.

KEY: f: r

C. (A) Shlànuighear ro għid lu mħor, Mo threoir ged bha mi mall,
 Eu tu fear-stiuraidh m'oi ge, Gu m' threoir each anns għall-ball;
 O Lord, I sing Thy prais es, Who art my strength and stay,
 My lead er through life's maz es, To bring me to Thy way;

D.C.

(S na'n) d' thag thu mi 'an nair sin, Eu truagh dhomh bħċċi is thall,
 Thou didst not leave me stray ing When I a far would go,

(S mi) eluči air braučain, Is nach bu leir dhomil in call!
 With heed less footsteps play ing Up on the brink of woe!

Oir dh'hoiśsich thn do gloi dhomh
 'S bla mai's gu leoir 'n ad għnus,
 'S muair thuriethu "Mair-sa beo" 's ann
 Rinn m'nān sħolja; Is
 Is għiġi 's sgiath do l-kathareach,
 Is bheir thu gras is gloi,
 'S na għieħ bhi ann ad fħabho
 Bheir thn dhaibh slainte mħor.

Mo charaidi, na fag mi,
 'S an fhasach stiur mo chen, Thoi near a reir an la dhomh,
 Na fag-sa mi 's na treig; Is muair ni, tinn mo bħualad,
 'S nach dean an sluq dhomh fejn,
 Dean thus' mo leħaidi snainhneach,
 A' cluuntinna lnaidħi ort fejn.

Nusair thionaileas mo chairdean,
 'S an uaiġi 'g am charam sios,
 Bi lu uaiġi 'n a leħajid thamh dhomh,
 Gus an la an tig thu ris; Bi dlid troimh għlejja a' bħaġi domh,
 'S a għoġi, na fag-sa mi
 Gus 'm faie mi ann ad għolix thn Fad shiorrūdhejha nħor gun chrich.

For Thou, Thy glory showing,
 Madest me Thy beauty see;
 Thy love has been bestowing
 New life and joy on me.
 Thou grace and glory givest,
 Thou art a Sun and Shield,
 Thou only ever livest,
 Thy words salvation yield.

O Lord, do not forsake me,
 But guide me as a friend,
 And strong in heart still make me,
 For what Thy love may send.
 When seized by sore diseases,
 Which no kind hand allays,
 Make Thou my bed, Lord Jesus,
 And hear me sing Thy praise.

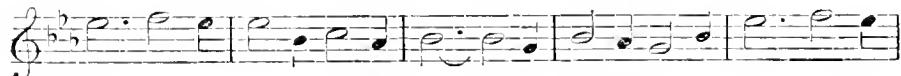
When friends, with grief high swelling,
 Have laid me 'neath the sod,
 The grave shall be my dwelling,
 Until the day of God.
 Through death's dark vale victorious,
 Oh, let me lean on Thee,
 And let me see Thee glorious,
 Through all eternity.

Words from a sacred song by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACBEAN. The melody has not been printed before.

6—AN T-AITE BH ÁIG EOIN—WHERE JOHN LAY.



KEY F# M | S : - : M | S : - : M | D : - : R | M : - : M | R : - : R | D : - : T | D : - : - : M | S : - : F | M : - : S |
 E 2, U S i nigh-can Shi - on's fearr dheth, 's i fhuair am fa - bhoir mor, Bhi tigh inn as an
 How blessed Si - on's daugh - ter, who leaneth by the way Upon her strong Be-



| D : - : - : R : - : D | D : - : S | 1 : - : F | S : - : - : - : M | S : - : F | M : - : S | D : - : - : (R : - : D) |
 flasach, is Fear a graidh 'n a coir, . . . Cha'n iarrainns' tuille fa - bhoir no
 lov - ed, her nev - er - failing stay! It is the greatest bless - ing for



| D : - : T | 1 : - : S | S : - : - : - : M | S : - : M | S : - : M | D : - : R | M : - : M | R : - : D | T : - : R | D : - : - : - : |
 | gras an tir nam beo, . . . Ach luidh airuchd an t-Stan'gheir, an t-aith'anns an robb Eoin.
 which I ev - er pray, . . . To lean on Jesus' bo - som, where John at supper lay.

Bhiodh am broilleach blath sin'g am arach 's bhithinn
 beo,
 Le neart nam briathran grasmhor ri'n iarraidh b'fhearr
 na n t-or,
 Bhiodh m'anam air a shasach le pairt de'n aran beo,
 'Nuir gheibhinn bhi fo sgail-san, an t-aith'anns an robb
 Eoin.

Cha b'eagal leam an tra' sin gach namhaid th' air mo
 their,

'S gn'm b'e doghairdean grasmhor mo neart, mo shlaint
 's mo threoir,

Cha sgaradh beath' no bas mi gt brath o ghaol co mor,
 Bha cordan graidh eo laidir 's an ait' anns an robb Eoin.

'S nuair dh'fhaidhneas mo bhuaidhean's mi dol thoirt
 suas an deo,

Cha dean Righ na' Uamhas mo sgaradh uat' s thu beo,
 Nnair blios mo chridhe failinn's mi fagail gleann nan

deoir,
 Bu mhath an leabaidh bhais snd bhi anns an ait' bh'aig

Eoin.

'S ma dhuisgeas mi'n a ionraigh fo dhion 's an latha
 mhor,

'Se fein 'n a sgail 's 'n a ghrian domh, 's mi riaraichte gu
 leoir,

Chaithimse an t-siorruidheachd's cha'n iarrainn tuille
 gloir,

Ach suidh sios fo sgail 's an ait' anns an robb Eoin.

Then would that loving bosom my trembling forn.
 enfold,
 I'd hear His words most gracious, more precious far
 than gold;
 I'd feed on living bread, and His loving face behold,
 When laid beneath His shadow where John reclined
 of old.

Nor death nor life could tear me from love so leal and
 long,
 When hidden there I'd fear not the enemy's angry
 throng,
 For then the strength He wieldeth would all to me
 belong,
 And ooh! where John was lying the cords of love are
 strong.

And when my life is ebbing, my earthly journey o'er,
 Thy love shall never fail me when terrors press me sore,
 When passing through the valley whence I return no
 more,
 Oh, happy were my death-bed where John reclined of
 yore.

If I waken in Thy likeness when Thy great day has shone,
 With Thee for sun and shield when the earth and seas
 are gone,
 Oh, this is what my heart would be ever set upon,
 To sit beneath Thy shade in the place Thon gav'st to
 John.

Hymn by P. GRANT; translation by L. MAC BEAN. Time noted down for this collection from a Gaelic singer.

7—AM BÀS—DEATH.

Solemnly.

D.C.



KEY { S | s : l : d | r : - : f | s : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l : - : f | s : - : - | d : - : }
A. Use me bheachd ort, a bhais, Gur brais thu ri point, 'S gun teachdaire laid - ir trénn thei, }
 An cogadh no'm blair Cha toir-car do shár, 'S aon duine che'n thair do threig - shin, }
 O Death, thou art still A herald of ill, Thy grasp, haud and chill, ne'er fail - eth; }
 Where warri'ors fight Thou showest thy might, To shin thee no flight a - vail - eth



{: m | f : m : f | s : - : s | l : s : m | r : - : d | f : m : f | s : - : f | m : - : - | s : - : }
 Ach's teachdaire ro dhán Thu tighinn os aird, Oir buailidh tu stataibh's deire - ean, }
 O messenger drear, No pity or fear Saves peasant or peer before thee;



{: s | l : s : m | s : - : m | r : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l : - : f | s : - : - | d : - : }
 Cha bhaear le pris Air ais thu a ris 'S tu dheasbhuidh an ti mu'n teid thu. }
 For gold and for gain Thou hast but disdain, And victims in vain implore thee.

Glacaidh tu chloinn,
 A mach bho na bhróinn,
 Mu's faic iad an soils' air eigin;
 Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,
 Dol an coinnimh an oig,
 Mu'm faodar am posadh eigheachd;
 Ma's beag no ma's mor
 Ma's sean no ma's og,
 Ma's cleachadh dhuiinn coir no eucoir;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beo,
 Is anail 'n ar sroin,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich uil.

A Chumhachd a tha
 Cur h-ugainn a' bhais,
 Gun teagamh nach paighear fleich da,
 Tha misneach is binn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul da.
 Oir's Athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do'n bhantrach fein e;
 'S e'n Cruithear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chreutair.

The babe at its birth,
 Ere sorrow or mirth
 It knows upon earth, thou takest;
 For the maid to be wed,
 Ere to church she is led,
 An eerisome bed thou makest.
 If old or if young,
 If feeble or strong
 In wisdom or wrong and error;
 If small or if great,
 Whatever our state,
 We have the same fate of terror.

O Power, from whom
 Our sorrowful doom
 Of death and the tomb descendeth,
 How happy is he
 Whose confident plea
 On Thy promises free dependeth!
 Our Father Thou art,
 The widow's sure part,
 Ne'er shall Thy support forsake her;
 All good is bestowed,
 All favour is shewed
 By our bountiful God and Maker.

Words selected from an elegy by ROB DONN; translated by L. MACBEAN. The air is also by ROB DONN, and was published in *Popular Gaelic Melodies*, 1877.

8—AIDEACHADH—CONFSSION.

KEY. m | l : 1 | d' : - . t | l : 1 | s : - . s | f : s | l : t | d' : t | l : - . }

E7. { O ! Thighearn' is a Dhia na glór, An t-Ard-Righ mór os ceann gach stuaigh,
O God of glo - ry, great a - dored, Above all nations mighty King ! }

f. l | d' : r' | m' : - . r' | d' : t | l : f . m | f : s | l : f , r | d : t | l : - . ||

{ Cia dàna ni air t-ainm ro mhòr Le bilih ned-gilan bli 'g a luaidh !
How dare my lips, un - ho - ly, sing Thy high and ho - ly name, O Lord ? }

Am beachd do shùilean fiorghlan féin,
Cha 'n eil na reulta 's airde glan ;
'S cha 'n eil na h-aingle 's naomha 'n glór,
'An lathair do Mhòrachdha gun smal.

Ach O an dean thu t-isleach' fén,
A dh' eisdeachd cnuimhe anns an uir !
Fo stòl do chois a' gabhail tumbh,
'S nach faic ach sgàile beag do d' ghnùis.

Na lasadh t-flearg O Dhia nan dul,
Am feadh a dheanam èrناigh riut :
'S mo pheacadh aidiceam le nair,
'S an truilleachd gràineil anns 'n a thuit.

Mo chiont tha mar na slàilhite mòr ;
Is león iad mi le iomadh lot :
Ta m'anam bochd le 'n eudthrom bràit,
'S o m' shùilidh fasg' nan dèura goirt.

Gach uile mhallachd a ta sgriobht,
A t-fhacal fior le bagradh teamh,
O Thighearn thoil mi aig do fàimh,
Gu'm biadh iad càrnacht' air mo cheann.

Ged dh' fhàs na nèamhan dubh le gruaim,
'S mo bhual' le tairneanaich do neirt
Ged thilg thu mi gu ifrinn shios,
Gu sìoruidh aidiceam do cheart.

Gidheadh am feud an lasair threun
A sgoilteas as a chéil an tuil ;
Drùghadh orm trionadh ùmhlachd Chriosd,
'S mi gabhail dion a steach fo 'fhuil.

Dean m' ionnlaid glan, O Dhia na sith,
'S an tobair ioc-shaint bhruchd a thaobh,
A bheir dhomh heatha as a' bhàs
'S o m' thruailidh beachd a ni mi saor.

Seen by those purest eyes of Thine
How dim the stars of brightest sheen !
The holiest angels are unclean
Before Thy majesty divine.

But, oh ! wilt Thou Thyself abase
To hear an earthly worm like me,
Beneath Thy footstool, who can see
But dim reflections of Thy face ?

Lord, when I make my prayer to Thee,
When I my sins with sorrow tell,
And vileness into which I fell,
Let not Thy wrath enkindled be !

My guilt like mountains high appears,
That crush my soul beneath their weight,
It has me pierced with sorrows great,
And from mine eyes brought bitter tears.

The threatenings and the curses dread
Found written in Thy Word, O Lord,
My sins deserve they should be poured
In all their terrors on my head.

Although the skies grew black with gloom,
And all Thy thunders on me fell,
And Thou shouldst cast me down to hell,
I would admit the righteous doom.

But can that flame that licks each flood
Have any power over me,
If Christ's obedience be my plea,
And I am sheltered by His blood ?

Oh, wash me wholly, God of peace,
In healing waters from His side ;
Life from His death shall these provide,
And me from filthiness release !

Words from DUGALD BUCHANAN'S "Prayer;" translated by L. MACBEAN. The tune has not been published before.

9—ORAN DO'N T-SAOGHAL—THE WORLD.



KEY. S₁ | d . d : l₁ . s₁ | d : s₁ . s₁ | d : r , m | d : - . r | m . m : d . m |
 B₂ | Is | fhad a rinn thu, shaoghail, Mo shlaodadh um'n cuairt, Mo chumail o'n Fhícar-
 o world' thou long didst chain me, Fast bound to thy wheel, From Jesus to re-



{ | s : m . r | d : m , f | s : - . s | f . f : l . f | s : m . d |
 shaoraidh 's a ghaol shlo'ach uam; Nam faighinn-sa de'n ghaol sin Na }
 strain me, His love to conceal; If freed from thy de - stroy - ing Re-



{ | s : m , d | r : - . r | d . d : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ : l₁ . d | m : f , r | d : - |
 shaoradh mi inat, Bhiodh m' inntinn tighinn beo Air a' ghoil sin tha shuas.
 straits by that love, My heart would be en - joy - ing The peace from above.

Bhiodh m' inntinn 's mo mhiann
 Air an Dia sin tha heo,
 An oighreacht a tha siornidh,
 'S a ghrían tha gun neoil,
 An tobair o'n tig shaint'
 Agus gairdeachas mor,
 'S a ghairdean nach failinn
 'S e Ard-Righ na glór.

Nam faighinn tuille fabhoir
 Is gráis bheireadh bnaidh,
 Bhiodh m' inntinn a' tamb
 Anns an aros tha shuas,
 Ged blithinn anns an fheoil
 Bhiodh mo dhochas gu buan
 Ri aon latha mor
 Anns nach comhlaich mi truaigh.

Nam faighinn tuille naomhachd
 Is saorsa o'n Uan,
 'S tuille de 'n a ghaol sin
 A shaor mi o thruaigh
 Thaisginn mo chuid òir
 'S an tigh stoir sin tha shuas
 Far nae goid na meirlich
 'S nach enamh e le ruaidh.

My mind would be ascending
 To heaven's Highest One,
 The Kingdom never-ending,
 The bright cloudless Sun;
 Salvation's founts unfailing,
 Whence joys ever spring,
 The right arm all-prevailing,
 The great glorious King.

If love to me were given,
 And overcoming grace,
 My thoughts should be in heaven,
 In God's holy place;
 And though in flesh remaining,
 My hopes still should be,
 For that day ever straining,
 That brings bliss to me.

If I were made more holy,
 And more free by Christ,
 More pure and true and lowly,
 By His love unpriced,
 My hopes in Him should centre,
 My wealth should be stored
 Where thief nor rust can enter—
 The stores of the Lord.

From P. GRANT'S hymn; translation by L. MACBEAN. The air belongs to this hymn, and was noted down for the present collection.

10—CUIREADH CHRIOSD—CHRIST'S INVITATION.

KEY: d | m : f | s : - d | d : r | m : - f | s : m | f : - x | d : - | - : d | m : f | s : - s |

D. (Tha | daoine | taghta | am le | Dia, D'an | d'thug e riamh | a | ghradh, Ged | tha iad | ciontach,) God has His chosen ones for whom His love flows full and free, Though they deserve a

{ d' : m | f : - f | m : m : f : - x | s : - | - : s | s : f | m : - s | l : s | d' : - f }

{ caillte, truagh; 'Seo truaillidh ole ri each, Tha tagha Dhia 'n a uaigneas mor, Nach sinner's doom, And poor and wretched be. God's choice is still a hidden thing, To

{ m : m | f : - l | s : - | - : s | d' : l | s : - d | d : r | m : - f | s : m | f : - x | d : - | - }

{ eol do dhniil foinghrein; Cha riaghait dleasnais e do neach, Ach reachd is soisgeul Dó. sons of men unknown; The Law and Gospel of our King Must be our rule alone.

Tha cuireadh Chriosd 'n a fhacal fein,
 'S o bleuail a theachdair, caomh,
 'Nuair ghabhar e 'n a aobhar-earb'
 D'ar n-annailbh falambh faoin;
 Co daingean is co dearbhle le cheil'
 'S ged leughamaid 's an uair
 Ar n-ainmeana gu leir fa leith
 An Leabhar Beath' an Uain.

Thed neamh is talamh thart gun cheisd,
 Ach seasaidh facal Chriosd;
 A pheacainch, eisid r'a chuireadh reidh
 'S gabh e le creideamh fior—
 "O thigilh h-ugam-sa gach aon
 Ta saothrachadh 's fo chlaoidh,
 A ta fo callach thron 's to chnuil
 Is bheir mi suainmhneas duillh."
 "Mo chuing-sa ceangalibh ribh gu teann,
 Is ionnsaichibh mo dhoigh;
 Oir ta mi macant' agus min
 An cridh' is an cleachdadh fós;
 Is eirmisidh bhur n-anama trinagh
 Air suainmhneas is air sgeinbh;
 Oir ta mo chuing-sa socrach caomh
 Is m'eallach aotrom seamh."

From a hymn by DR. M'GREGOR. Translation by L. M. The air appeared in the *Gael*, to JOHN MORRISON'S hymn, "Maise Chriosd."

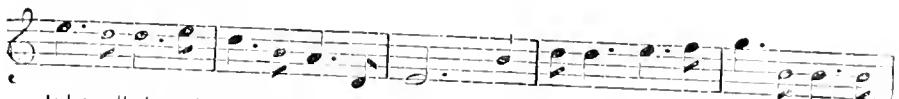
Christ's invitation, full and free,
 By Book and voice conveyed,
 When once accepted as our plea,
 On which our hopes are laid,
 In spite of sin and inward strife,
 We may as firmly claim,
 As if within the Book of Life
 We each could read our name.

Though heaven and earth shall disappear,
 Christ's word abideth sure;
 His loving call, O sinner, hear,
 And blessedness secure—
 "Come unto Me, ye weary ones,
 Who labour sore oppressed;
 Come, all men's heavy-laden sons,
 And I will give you rest;
 "Take up My yoke, and learn of Me
 The lessons I impart;
 My meek and gentle spirit see,
 And lowliness of heart;
 So shall your souls for ever live,
 At rest from toil and care;
 For easy is the yoke I give,
 My burden light to bear."

11—FULANGAS CHRIOSD—THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.



KEY f; r | s . s : - | s : - | t : - . r | r : - . r | s : - . s | t : - . t | t : - . t | s . s : - | s : - . s |
 C. Use fulang - as mo Shiamhigheir A blith's mo dhan a maidh, Mor irios lachd an
 The sufferings of my say - our I cel - ebrate and sing, The birth and meek be



{ m' : - . r' | r' : - . m' | r' : - . t | l : - . r | m : - | - : t | r' . r' : - | m' : - . f' | s' : - . t | t : - . t |
 Ard-Righ sin 'N a bhreith's 'n a bhàs ro chruaidh. 'S e'n t-iongantas bu mhiobhulich, Chaidh
 haviour, And dying of the King. Oh, wonder most in - seru - ta - ble That



{ r' : - . t | l : - . s | m : - | - : r | s : - . r | m : - . s | m' : - . x' | r' : - . m' | r' : - . d' | t : - . l | l : - | - |
 innse riabh do'n t-shagh, An Dia bha ann o shiornidheachd Bhi fas 'n a Chiochran truagh!
 human tongue can name, Th' E-ter - nal and Im-mu - ta - ble A suckling child became!

'Nuair ghabh' am broinn na h-bighe e;
 Le còmhnaidh Spioraid Dè,
 A chum an Nàdùr Daonna sin,
 A dheanamh aon ris fein;
 Ghabh e sgàil mu Dhiadhaidheachd
 'S de'n BHRATHAR rìnneadh feòil,
 Is dh' foillsich an rùn diomhair sin,
 Am pearsa Chriosc le glòir.

Rugadh 'an stàbhl diblidh e,
 Mar dhùileachdan gun treoir;
 Gun neach a dheanadh cairdeas ris,
 No bheireadh fardoch dhò,
 Gun mhuiantir bli'g a fhìthealadh,
 No nìlbeam mar bu chòir;
 Ach eich is daimh'g a chuartachadh
 D' an dual gach uile ghlòir.

Bha tuill aig na sionnachaibh
 Gu'm falachadh o thèinn;
 Bha nid aig na h-eunlaithe
 An gèugaibh àrd nan crann;
 Ach e-sau a riun uile iad,
 'S gach nì 's a' chruinne ché,
 Bha e fèin 'n a fhògarach,
 Gun chòmhnaidh aig fo'n ghréin.

Conceived in pure virginity
 By God the Spirit's might,
 He deigned with His divinity
 Our manhood to unite;
 He took on corporeity
 And flesh the Word was made,
 The mystery of Deity
 In Jesus was displayed.

His birth was one of lowliness
 Within a stable bare,
 Which He, the Lord of holiness,
 With cattle had to share.
 No retinue attended Him
 In robes of brilliant hue,
 No tender hand befriended Him
 To whom all love is due.

The foxes had their hiding-place
 Where they could safely rest,
 The birds their own abiding-place
 In tall tree-tops possessed;
 But He, whose liberality,
 Gave them and all things birth,
 Was needing hospitality—
 A fugitive on earth.

Hymn by DUGALD BUCHANAN. The air is that sung in Rannoch, where the hymn was composed. It was contributed to this collection by a native of that district.

12—ORAN MU LEANABH OG—A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

KEY: S . S | 1 : s : 1 | d : - : s . s | 1 : 1 : d | s : - : s . 1 |

C. (Bha mi'n) chadal gu blath Ann am fasgadh mo mhat'h'r, I'g am

I lay warm at rest On my mother's dear breast, And her

{ d : d : m | r : d : m | r : - : s . 1 | d : t : d | r : - : r . d |

phasgadh 's a Ramh fo mo cheann, Thaining teacholair a bhais, Thuit gu'n

arm held me pressed to her side, When Death's herald came nigh To

{ d : 1 : d | s : - : s . s | 1 : d : m | r : - : d | d : - |

siubhlann gu'n däfl, 'S nach robh fuireach no tamh domh ann.

call me on high, And no longer could I a - bide.

Dhuisg mo mhat'hair le gaoir,
'S thuirt i "M'ailleagan gaoil,
Ciod dh'fhairich thu? Cha'n fhaod thu falbh!"
Rinn i greim orm cho teann,
Cha bhitheadh dealachdainu annu,
'S mo chridhe cho fann 's mi balbh.

'Nuaire dhuin iad mo simul
Thaining ainglean na cuirt,
'S thus iad mis' leo cho dluath 's cho luath;
Chaidh sint troimh na glinn dorch'
Far nach bu leir dhuibh bhr lorg,
Ach thainig sonas nis orm bhitheas buan.

Nam faiceadh m'athair 's mo mhat'h'r
Meud mo shonas 's an ait' s'
Bhiodh iad toilicht gun d'fhasg mi'u saogh'l;
'S bhiodh gach latha mar bhliadbn'
Gus am faigheadh iad triall,
Gu co-chomunn ta siorrhuidh buan.

Tha cuid so as gach ait'
Air an tional le gras,
As gach treubh agus pairt de'n t-sluagh,
Ach 's ann aca tha'n gaol
Nach robh 'n leithid measg dhaoiu'
'Nuaire a bha iad 's an t-saoghal thruagh.

'S ann 's an ait' so tha'n cedl
Nach teid mhasgadh le bron;
Tha e fantuinn 'n a oran muadh,
Cliu is onoir is gloir
Do'n ti bha marbh is tha beo,
Ashaor sinne o'n doruinn bhan.

She awoke with a start,
'Crying, "Love of my heart!"
What ails thee? Thou art not dead!"
And she fondled me so,
She would not let me go
Till my life, ebbing low, had fled.

When they closed my young eyes,
Angels came from the skies,
And they made me to rise above;
Oh, swift was our flight
Through the valleys of night,
And I now dwell in light and love.

Could my parents conceive
What joys I receive,
They never would grieve for me;
They would long to appear
With the holy ones here,
Where such fellowship dear can be;

Saints from many a place
Assembled by grace,
From each nation and race below;
And such love in them swells
As on earth never dwells,
And pure gladness dispels their woe.

Free from discords of pain,
We hear the sweet strain,
Which shall ever remain a new song;
A new song which we raise
To our Saviour always,
To whom honour and praise belong.

Hymn by P. GRANT; translated by L. MACBEAN. Melody written down from a native of Strathspey.

13—MORACHD DHÉ—THE GREATNESS OF GOD.



KEY. (S.) | d : -d | s : s | d : -x | m : -d | m : -m | s : m | m : -x | m : -d | m : -m | r : s |
 F. (C.) chuaartaicheas do bhith a Dhé! An dòimhne'shluig gach reusan suas; 'N an oidharpibh tha
 Who can Thy being, Lord, contain? That deep where reason's efforts sink; Angels and men are



| d : -d | r : -d | s : s | d : m | r : -d | d : -s | d : -d | r : m | s : -s | l : -s |
 Aingle's daoin' Mar shligean maoraich | gheadh chuain, O bhith-bhuantachd thaidh thus' a'd Righ 'Sni
 shells that fain Would all the mighty ocean drink. Thou hast been King, O God, for aye; Thy



| d : -d | r : m | d : -l | s : -s | s : -r | m : s | l : -s | s : -s | d : -x | m : s | r : -d | d : - |
 'Bheil's an-t-saogh's ach mi o'n dà; O's beag an eadhraidh | chualas doit, 'S cha mhbh do d'ghleannadh a ta fo'inghrein.
 history has been lit - tie told; This world is but of yesterday; Few of Thy deeds can we behold.

Ge d' thionndadh 'ghrian gu neo-ni rist,
 'S gach ni fa chuaire a soluis mhòir;
 'S co beag bhiodh t' oibre 'g ionndrainn nath,
 'S bhiodh'n cuan ag ionndrainn sileadh 'mheòdir.
 An cruthach' cha dean le uile ghlòir,
 Lan-fhoillseachadh air Dia nam feart;
 Cha 'n eil 's na h-oibre ud gu leir,
 Ach taisbeann earlais air a neart.

Le'r tuigse thana 's diomhain duinn
 Bhí sgrùdadh 'chuain a ta gun chroich;
 An litir 's lugha dh' ainm ar Dé,
 Is tuille 's luchd da 'r reusan i.
 Oir ni bheil dadum coltach riut,
 Am measg t'uil' oibre fein gu leir,
 S am measg nan daoine ni bheil cainnt
 A dh' innseas t' ainm ach t' fhacal fein.

The sun and all things that exist
 Within its circling light, would be
 From Thy vast works as little missed
 As tiny drop from brimming sea.
 Creation, glorious though it be,
 Brings not the power of God to light,
 For all His works that we can see
 Give but an earnest of His might.

Our shallow minds in vain explore
 This fathomless and shoreless main;
 One letter of God's name is more
 Thau human reason can sustain.
 Nought is there like Thyself among
 The works which Thou of old didst frame;
 Nor is there speech on human tongue,
 But Thine own Word, can tell Thy name.

Verses by BUCHANAN; translated by L. M. The air is said to be an old "Oran Sith," or fairy melody.

14—EARBS' A CHRIOSDUIDH—CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

Slow and with feeling.

KEY. 1 | 1 : 1 | d : - .d | s | : m | s : - .1 | d : t | 1 : - .t | d : r | m : - . }
 B'hi, dean mo phlaannach ann an Criosd, 'S mo chriónach bristidh mach le blath,
 Lord, if Thou plantest me in Christ, In bloom shall burst my withered tree,

{. m | s : m | r : - .d | r : m | s : - .s | 1 : d | m : - .r | d : t | 1 : - . }
 Is bi'dh gach subhaile 's naomba gleus Mar mheas a lùb mo gheug gu lìar!
 Weighed down to earth its boughs shall be, With graces as with fruits unpriced!

Mo smaintean talmhaidh tog gu nèamh,
 Is thoir dhomh earlas air do ghràdh,
 A dh' fhòras m' eagal uile nam,
 'S a shaoras mi o namhunn bàis.

'N sin atadh tonnan borb a' chuain,
 Is beucadh torann chruaidh nan speur;
 Thigeadh erith-thalmhuinn, gort, is plàigh,
 Bhios 'roinn a' bhàis gach taobh a théid.

Bi thus' a'd Dhia do m'anam fèin,
 'S bi'dh iad gu lèir dhomh 'n cairdeas gràidh;
 Cha loisg an tein' gun òrdugh uat,
 Cha sluig an cuan, 's cha sgrios a phlàigh.

Am feadh bhios cumhachd ann ad laimh,
 Bi'dh mise sàbhailt' o gach ole:
 'S cha 'n eagal leam gu 'm bi mi 'n dith
 Gu siorruidh no gu 'm fas thu bochd.

Mo dhùrachd, m' eagal, 's m' uile mhiann
 A'm Dhia tha còmhlaachadh gu lèir;
 Oir nèamh, is talamh, 's ifrinn shios,
 A ta iad do mo Righ s' a' géill'.

Oh, grant an earnest of Thy love,
 Which shall me from life's terrors save,
 And all the horrors of the grave,
 And raise my thoughts to heaven above.

Then let the billows rise in pride,
 Let thunders through the heavens roar,
 Come earthquakes, plagues, and famines sore,
 Dispensing death on every side;

Be Thou the God of my poor soul,
 Their friendship I shall then enjoy;
 No sea can drown, nor plague destroy,
 Nor fire burn, but with Thy control.

While Thou hast power in Thine arm,
 From every ill I am secure,
 And as my God can ne'er be poor,
 Want cannot cause my soul alarm.

My hope, desire, and fear for aye
 Shall in my God concentrated dwell,
 For heaven and earth and lowest hell
 Shall my Almighty King obey.

Words from BUCHANAN'S "Prayer." The tune is a common Gaelic air adapted. A version of it appears in the *Celtic Lyre*.

15—GRADH M' FHEAR-SAORAIHD—MY SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

KEY. $\text{F} \text{ major}$

B. { So gradh m' Fhir stor - andh a bhos'n a cheol dhomh, 'S ann air bu choir diomh bli deamhach leagan; }
My Saviour's love shall be still my sto - ry, It is my mu - sic while here below;

S. { 'O'n 'e thng coir dhomh le fhuil a dhorthadh Air saorsa ghoirnhoir a chloinne fein. }
'S nnair theid mi dhachaidh a gleann nan deoir so 'Se sud mo cheol annus an t-saghal chein.
He bought me freedom and life and glo - ry, And by His death saved my soul from woe.
And when I have from this vale de - part - ed, 'Twill be my so - lace for aye above.

FINE.

D.S.

{ 'Se sud an t-oran a bheir dhomh solas Cho fad's is beo mi 's a chruinne ché; }
What can console me when heavy - hearted, But this sweet song of His gracious love?

Tha mi an dochas a dhol 'n a chodhail
Anns na neoil 'nuair a thig e fein,
'S ni'n sealladh mor sin de aghaidh ghoirnhoir
Na h-uile bron a chur uam is deur.
Tha doimhne's aird' ann an gradh an t-Slanuigh'r
Nach gabh aircamh no cur an ceil;
Ach chi sinn moran 'n a bheith 'n a bhas deth,
Is chi sinn pairt deth's 'n a h-uile ceum.

Bu Duine bronach air iomadh doigh e,
O 'n uair a thoisich a thurus sgith;
Air son a ghraildh thug iad fuath gu leoir dha,
'S bha iad 'g a fhogradh o thir gu tir.
Le meud a ghairdeachas ann ar slainte
Chuir e an naire ann an neo-bhrigh;
'S le meud a ghradh dhuin ghabh e ar nadur
A chum ar tearnadh o'n t-slochd isle.

Anns a cheart nadur's 'n a pheacainch Adhamh,
'N uair thug e'm bas air a shliochd gu leir,
'S ann rinn an Slanuighear gach ni an aird
'S an lagh rinn ardach le umhlachd fein, [dheth,
'S a chum ar tearnadh o chumhachd bais
Leig e bheatha mhàin, deanamh 'n aird na reit';
Is chum a bbraithean a thoirt gu Pàras
Dh' fhuiling e 'm bas air a chranma-cheus.

My sweetest hope is at last to meet Him
When in the clouds His blest form appears;
That sight most glorious, when I shall greet Him,
Shall wholly banish my griefs and tears.
The love of Jesus, that boundless treasure,
Has depths and heights that can ne'er be known;
Its strong endurance we ne'er can measure,
Though in His sufferings so much was shown;

A Man of sorrows, with none to aid Him,
The scoff and scorn of an evil race,
Who for His love with fierce hate repaid Him
As they pursued Him from place to place;
But such His joy in our soul's salvation,
That He despised all the pain and shame,
And to redeem us from condemnation,
He in the nature of sinners came.

In that same nature that we inherit
From our first father, all stained with sin,
Did Jesus' sufferings, His life and merit,
A great salvation for sinners win.
To reconcile us His flesh was riven
From death to save us He came and died
And to bring brethren from earth to heaven
He bore our sins and was crucified.

Hymn by P. GRANT; translation by L. MACBEAN. The air was obtained for this collection from a Gaelic singer.

16—GEARAN NAN GAIDHEAL—THE CRY OF THE GAEL.



 R.T. 1 | d' ,t : 1 : s ,m | 1 ,t : d' : r' ,d' | t ,l : s : s ,s | 1 ,s : s : - . }
 C. { San t-seann seanachas bha Gaidheil ainmeil, Measg dhaoine b'ainmig an leithid ann, }
 In ancient stories the Gael were glorious, And oft victor - ious in fields of fight;



 1 | d' ,t : 1 : s ,m | 1 ,t : d' : d' ,d' | d' ,r' : m' : m' ,m' | m' ,r' : r' : - . }
 Le gaisg is crudal, is creach air uairibh, 's bha'm ful co naibhreach toirt buaidh dhaibh ann)
 Their strength was predest, their war-shout loudest, And war and plunder was their delight;



 d' | d' ,r' : m' : m' ,m' | m' ,r' : r' : d' ,r' | m' ,r' : d' : 1 ,l | 1 ,m : s : - . }
 Gun tuigs' gum chiall ac' mu thimchioll siorr' achd 's cha chual iad diadhachd bhi idir ann, }
 But in their rudeness they knew not goodness, No godly fear in their hearts was found,



 s | 1 ,l : r' : r' ,r' | d' ,r' : m' : m' ,m' | m' ,r' : d' : r' ,d' | t ,l : 1 : - . ||
 Ach baist' is posadh is snidh aig ordugh'nu, E'e sud an dochas a bha'n an ceann. ||
 Though they were christened, and sat and listened At high communions when they came round.

 Bhithheadh eagal mor orra ro' na bocain,
 'S iad faicnean moran diubh nach bithheadh ann,
 Bhithheadh gisreag's orraichean is seachnadh
 chomhlaichean
 Is moran seolaidean faoin' an ceann,
 An sluagh gun churadh's na cuitlean,
 Mar theid na bruidean a ghabhail tamh,
 Gun leughadh, gun urnaigh, gun seinn air cliu dha,
 'S b'e sud an dàchais bhu measg nan Gàidheal!
 A Righ nan Sluagh! 's e's fearr 's an uair so,
 Bhi sealbhinn suas riut a'd ionad tamh;
 'S mar eisd an sluagh ruinn, a Righ, gabh truas
 'S gearan truagh thigeadh ann do lath'r; [dhinn,
 O'n tha thu beo, is gur toigh leat trocair,
 Thoir duinne eolas, 's ann air do ghras,
 Ach eia mar labhradh sinn air an doigh sin?
 'S ann air do mhòrachd a rinn sinn tair.
 Ach c'ait' an teid sinn, no co ni feum dhuinn?
 Cha'n eil fo'n gheirean na ni dhuinn sta,
 Ach Uan Dé o'n 's e phaigh an eirie
 Le meud an eifeachd a bha'n a bhas.
 Ma gheibh sinn sgeul air's gun dean sinn feum
 'S gun dean th' eisdeachd ruinn air a sgath, [dheth,
 Bidh sinn fo dhion's theid sinn as o phiantaibh,
 A seinn gu siorruidh air cliu do ghras.

 With minds in error, they thought with terror
 Of shapes unearthly and dark alarms,
 But sought salvation in incantation
 In spells unholy and mystic charms.
 A people careless, profane and prayerless,
 Were like the beasts in the dewy dale;
 No Bible reading, no praise or pleading—
 Such was the custom among the Gael.

 O King of Nations! our supplications
 Are now directed unto Thy throne;
 Lord, in Thy kindness, remove our blindness,
 For all our hope is in Thee alone!
 Thou only livest, Thou pardon givest,
 Oh, do Thou show us Thy gracious face;
 Forgive us wholly the sin and folly
 That dared despise all Thy love and grace.

 For God who made us alone can aid us,
 We have no helper but Thee alone;
 'Tis only Jesus that can release us
 Through the redemption that He has won.
 If we believe Him and so receive Him,
 And Thou shalt hear us through His dear name,
 Thy wings shall hide us whate'er betide us,
 And we shall ever Thy praise proclaim.

From the hymn by P. GRANT; translated by L. M. The tune to which it is sung has been noted down for this collection.

17—ASLACHADH AIR SON BEANNACHD—SUPPLICATION FOR BLESSING.



Dhia bheo! Righ na gloir! Thoir cluas. Beannach cluann nan daoin.
O Lord! Most adored! Ac-cord blessing to mankind,

KEY A. S₁ : - - | d : - - | l₁ : - s; l₁.t₁ | d : - : l₁.s₁ s₁ : - - | s₁ : - - | f₁ : - - | f₁ | m₁ : - : f₁ s₁ : - - | s₁ : - - | s₁ : - d | t₁ : - l₁; t₁ | d : - - | m₁ : - - | d : - - | d : - - | d | d : - : d | d : - : d | s₁ : - : s₁ | m₁ : - - | d₁ : - - | m₁ : - - | f₁ : - - | f₁ | d₁ : - : f₁ | m₁ : - : r₁ | d₁ : - : m₁ s₁ : - : s₁ | d₁ : - - |



Suidhich sith; fo - gair strith is fuath; Lion gach cearn le gaol.
Pnb - lish peace, make strife cease, Increase Love men's hearts to bind.

s : - : f | m : - : r | d : - : x : m.f e | s : - : l₁.s₁ s₁ : - - | m : - : s | r : - d : r .m | d : - - |
d : - : r | d : - : s₁ | s₁ : - : d | t₁ : - : f₁ | m₁ : - - | l₁ : - : s₁ | f : - m₁ : f₁.s₁ | m₁ : - - |
m₁ : - : t₁ | d : - : r | m₁ : - : d | r : - : d | d : - - | d : - : d | t₁ : - : t₁ | d : - - |
d : - : s₁ | l₁ : - : t₁ | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : d₁ | d : - : t₁ | l₁ : - : m₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ | d₁ : - - |

Dhia mhoir! Righ nan sogh!
Thoir cluas.

Beannach cluann nan Gàidhl.
Islich nail, 's daoine truagh
Tog suas,
Buin-su riu le bàigh.

Dhia naoimh! Athair chaoimh!
Thoir cluas.
Beannach sinn tha'n làth'r.
Bi rninn dlùth anns gach cùis
Is uair;
Riarachir cirun do ghras.

Great King! Hear us sing!
Oh, bring

Blessing to the Gael,
Humble pride; help provide;
Them guide;

Make the right prevail.

Most High! Hear our cry!
Be nigh
All before Thy face.
Oh, do Thou bless us now;
Endow
Us with strength and grace.

Hymn by M. MACFARLANE, Paisley. Translation by L. M. The tune is an ancient melody known as "Uaigh a Bhàird"—The Tomb of the Bard. Harmony by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

18—COIGRICH—STRANGERS.



KEY f: l,d | t,s,l,m : - : r,m | s : l : s | m : - : l,d | t,s,l,f : - : r | m : - : - : - : }
 B. O is mithich dhuinn glas'd, agus siubhal gu luath, Chabbh'laithcean ro bhuan forn ghréin;

Let us ever press on, for our life is soon gone, Oh, swiftly our moments fly;



{:m,m | r : d : r | m : - : m,f | s : m : m | r : - : l,d | t,s,l,d : - : t,l,- : - : - : }
 's coigrich sinn is luchd cuairt, 'g iarrainn duthaich tha shuas, Tha art dachaidh's ar duais air neamh.

Though as strangers we roam, we are seeking a home In our Father's dear land on high.

'S fasach ulartaich, thruagh, anns am bheil sinn air chuairt.

Cha'n'eil fois dhuinn no suaimhneas ann,

Ach tha'r suilean riut fein, tha air neamhaibh nan speur,

Thoir oirnn gn'n ruith sinn an reis gu ceann.

'S ann tha sinn 's an nair's mar long air a chuan,
Measg nan tonn a ta uabhlreach ard,

Ach 's treise'n Ti sinn tha shuas na tuiltean dhroch sluaigh,

'S tu chaisgeas am fuaim nuair is ill.

'S tu bheir ardan an gnuis gu tamh ghabbail 's an uir,

'S theid an aillteachd air chid gu leir;

Ach do phobail bochd bruit, bith' tu fein air an cul,

'S le do ghras ni thu 'n stiuireadh 's gach ceum.

O stiùir sin le d' ghras gus an ruig sium an t-ait'

Ann's am bi sinn gu sabhailt beo,

Far nach bi sinn 'g ar hasgadh dol thuige is uait
Mar long air na eanantaibh mòr.

Through a wild world of woe all weary we go,

No joy have we here or peace,

But we trust in Thy love, who rulest above,
For strength till our toils shall cease.

Sore troubled are we, like a ship on the sea,
Amid billows that surge and swell;
Yet the Lord is more strong than the fierce flood
of wrong,
And His voice shall their anger quell.

Their clamour and pride Thy pow'r shall deride,
And men's haughty thoughts abase;
And Thy poor broken folk, secure from their stroke,
Thou shalt strengthen and guide by grace.

Oh, guide us by grace to that happy place
Where we shall in safety be,
No longer distressed and tossed without rest,
Like a ship on the raging sea.

From the hymn by Rev. P. GRANT. English by L. M. The melody is given as sung in Strathspey.

19—ORAN GAOIL—A SONG OF LOVE.



KEY { |s₁ : l₁ | d : - | d : r | d : l₁ | s₁ : l₁ | d : - | r : m | s : - | s : m | r : - | r : m | }
 F. { Togaibh naoimhbih, luath-ghaire, deanaibh gair - deachas ur! O'n a fhuaire sibh bhf'n
 O ye saints, shout with gladness, and with joy fulness sing! Can there e - ver be



{ |r : d | r : m | r : - | d : r | d : - | m : s | l : - | s : l | s : m | r : d | }
 fabhor ri Ard - Righ nan dut; O'n a shaor e o'n bhàs sibh 's o an
 sadness for the friends of the King? Free from all condem - na - tion ye are



{ |r : - | m : s | l : - | l : d | l : s | s : l | m : r | d : r | m : - | r : - d | d : - | }
 traillachd bu mho, Sgundinn e, sgiamhach le shaint sibh, thugabhl dhasan an eliu.
 made by His grace, Ye are clothed with salva - tion, Then re - e - cho His praise.

O a Shlannigheir ghràs-mhoir I
 'S tu is fearr dhomh tha beo;
 'S nuair a chiuimhich's mi t' fhabor
 Tha m' aobhar gairdeachais mor;
 Chaidh t'fhnil phriseil a thaomadh
 Air son gach aon de do naoimh,
 'Se sud an gaol rinn mo chiurradh
 'S rinn do shuilean mo chlaoidh.

Ach o'n dh' fheuch thu do ghradh dhomh,
 O, na fag-sa mi chaoidh,
 Gus am faic mi ad ghoilir thu
 'S cha bhi bron ann no caoidh.
 Nuair a thig an la mor sin
 'S saorsa ghoilir-mhoir do naoimh
 Bi'dh mi deasach' mo lochran
 Gn dol an comhail mo RIGH.

O most gracious Saviour,
 Be Thon ever my choice;
 And secure in Thy favour
 Let me ever rejoice.
 On the cross where they slew Thee,
 There Thy love was revealed;
 This Thy love has pierced through me,
 And Thine eyes made me yield.

Never, never forsake me,
 From all ill keep me free,
 Till with gladness Thou take me
 All Thy glory to see.
 Till we see Thee returning
 Our deliverance to bring,
 Keep my lamp brightly burning,
 So to welcome my KING.

Words selected from Rev. P. GRANT's hymn "Is name. The tune was contributed by a Gaelic singer in
 Strathspey.

20—A CHRIOCH—THE END.

KEY f.s | s : -f | m : r | m : -r | d : -d | s : -l | d : d | d : -r | d : -d }

G. (Air charbad teine suidhlich Criosd, 'S mu'n' cuairt da beucaidh'n tairneach, A'

On fl - ery chariot Christ shall ride, With thunders rolling round His path, To

{s : -r | m : d, l | s : -s | l : -s | d : -r | d : d, l | d : -r | d : -d }

{dol le ghairm gu erioch nan néamh, 'S a' treub' nan neul gu deoinionnach, o }

bear His voice throngh hea - ven wide, And rend the clouds with storm and wrath. Out

{d : -s, l | d : d | r : -r | m : -l | l : -s | l : s | m : -r | m : -s }

{chubhlíbh charland thig a mach, synth mor de theine laist' le fírig; Is }

from His chariot-wheels shall go The fl - ery torrents of His ire, The

{l : -d | d : d | r : -d | d : -r | m : -r | d : l, s | l : -d | d : -d }

{sgaoilidh 'n tuil' ud air gach taobh, A' cur an t-saogh' l 'n a las - air dhéirg. }

flaming floods shall downward flow, And set the world a - round on fire.

Leaghaidh na Dùile 'nuas le teas,
Ceart mar a leaghas teine eir :

Na eniù's na sleibhteas lasaigh suas,
'S b'ill' teas-ghoil air a chuan gu leir.

An curtaing gorin tha null o'n ghréin,
'S mu'n' cuairt do'n chruinne-ébhe mar chleib,

Criapaidh an lasair e'r' a cheil,
Mar bheilleig air na h-éibhlíbh béd.

'S a chum an doimionn atadh suas,
O cheithir airdibh ghaisidh 'ghaooth :

Ga sgùrs' le neart nan aingeal treum,
Luathach' an leir-sgrios o gach taobh.

Tha obair nan sè là rinn Dia,
Le lasair obian 'g a chur m'a saoil ;

Cia mor do shailbhreas Righ nam feart,
Nach ioundrainn casgradh while saoigh' !

The elements with fervent heat
Shall melt like wax in furnae glow,
The flames from hills and mountains meet,
And all the ocean boil below.

The curtain of our sphere,
Hung like a mantle o'er the earth,
Shall shrivel up and disappear
Like bark upon the burning hearth.

And still the fiery storm to urge
The four strong winds together haste,
And, with the might of angels, scourge
The willing flames to wilder waste.

Thus do destroying powers repeal
Thy six days' work with one accord,
But Thy dominion would not feel
The loss of thousand worlds, O Lord !

Gaelic from BUCHANAN'S "Day of Judgment." English from "Spiritual Songs of DUGALD BUCHANAN." The melody is an Ossianic chant.

21—GLEANN NA H-IRIOSLACHD—THE VALLEY OF HUMILITY.

KEY f: s₁ | d : - r | m : - r | d : - l₁ | s₁ : l₁ | d : m | r : - d | d : - | - : m |

E | 'S e sin an gleann is fearr a tha 's an fhasach so gu leir; Na
oh, vale most sweet and low - ly found in all this des - ort drear! There

|| s : - l | d¹ : - r¹ | d¹ : - s | m : s | m : r | m : - , s | l : - | - : m |

naoimh b'f'dh ann a' straideamachd, is pairt din sil - eadh d'hour; Bi'dh
walk the good and ho - ly, there doth fall the fre - quent tear; Their

|| s : - l | d¹ : - r¹ | d¹ : - t | l : d¹ | s : m | r : - d | l₁ : - | - : s₁ |

bron a.r son am pescaidh orr, 's iad beachdachadh gu geur Air
love and grief are blending in these tears as they behold Their

|| d : - s₁ | l₁ : d | l : - , t | d¹ : - l | s : m | r : - d | d : - | - ||

gradh do-innust an t-Slamuigheir, 'sa ghraineachadh th'ann't fein.
vile - ness and of - fend - ing, and their Saviour's love untold.

An seachas an Ti 's airde
Tha luchd-aiteachaidh a ghlinn,
'S a ghuth 's a bhiathran ghoir-inhor
Toirt sith is solas cuim.
Tha n t-uigse 's fearr 's na h aimhlachan,
'S a ghrian fior chaoimhneil da,
Tha fasgadh 'n ian na stoirm ann,
'S gur boidheach gorm e ghnath.

A Thizbearná, deonaich dhomhsa
Ebbi ri m' bheo a fiireach ann,
C'um m'anam bho fhein-fhirinteachd
Is leanam Ios' gu teamn.
Bho ghathain mo luchd-miornuin
Dean mo dhion a dh' oich' is là,
Gach freumh de'n pheacadhb spion asam
Is glan mo chridh' 'n ad ghradh.

The Highest is abiding
With the saints within that vale,
His precious words providing
Them with peace that ne'er shall fail.
There pure glad streams are flowing,
There the sunshine is serene;
No tempests there are blowing,
Bright and happy is the scene.

Let me be onwards pressing
Still where Jesus' feet have trod,
In that sweet vale of blessing
Walking humbly with my God.
Lord, be my soul's defender,
Keep me aye from sin secure,
And through Thy love most tender
Let my heart be meek and pure.

Veres from the Gaelic hymn by JOHN MACLEAN. The tune is the sacred melody known as "The Hymn of the Saviour."

22—URNUIGH AN FHEUMNAICH—THE NEEDY'S PRAYER.



Nuaир bhios mi airtneulach, Trial m'astair bhrònaich thrnaigh,
O'er woes and wea - ri - ness, Dark ness and drear - i - ness,

KEY
G. { $\begin{matrix} m : - : - | f : - : m \\ d : - : - | d : - : d \end{matrix}$ } $\begin{matrix} m : - : r | r : - : - \\ d : - : d | t, : - : - \end{matrix}$ { $\begin{matrix} d : - : - | d : - : d \\ s, : - : - | l, : - : s, \end{matrix}$ } $\begin{matrix} d : - : l, | s, : - : - \\ l, : - : s, | m, : - : - \end{matrix}$ { $\begin{matrix} d : - : l, | s, : - : - \\ d : - : d | d : - : - \end{matrix}$ }



Dhia ghlòirmhoir, neartaich mi, Fòir orm is deònaich buaidh.
O God most glo - rious, Make me vic - to - ri - ous.

|| $\begin{matrix} m : - : - | f : - : m \\ s, : - : - | l, : - : s, \end{matrix}$ || $\begin{matrix} r : - : d | l, : - : - \\ s, : - : - | s, : - : s, \end{matrix}$ || $\begin{matrix} l, : - : t, | r : - : d | d : - : - \\ f, : - : - | f, : - : f, \end{matrix}$ || $\begin{matrix} f, : - : m, | m, : - : - \\ f, : - : m, | m, : - : - \end{matrix}$ || $\begin{matrix} d : - : - | d : - : d \\ d : - : d | d : - : d \end{matrix}$ || $\begin{matrix} d : - : - | d : - : d \\ s, : - : m, | f, : - : - \end{matrix}$ || $\begin{matrix} m, : - : - | f, : r, : s, \\ m, : - : - | f, : r, : s, \end{matrix}$ || $\begin{matrix} s, : - : d, | d, : - : - \\ s, : - : d, | d, : - : - \end{matrix}$ ||

Nuaир bhios mi sgith fo chradh,
Nuaир bhios mo dhochas fann,
Bi-sa mo dhìdean àrd
'S m' fhior ionad-comhnuidh ann.
Nuaир bhios mi 'm bruaillean stri,
'N cruailh amhgar dolasach,
Lion mi le suaimhneas sith
'S nuadh chreideann solasach.
Nuaир bhios mi treigte, truagh,
'N t-eug fhuar 'g aon spuineadh lom,
Tiormaich mo dheura suas,
Tog dhiom mo thursa trom.
Fuadaich na teagamhan
'S eagail a shàrnuich mi,
Glan nam m' nil' easaonta,
'S taisbean do lath' rachd domh.

When faith is failing me,
Dark doubts assailing me,
Be Thou my hiding-place,
My safe abiding-place.

When griefs are numberless,
When cares are slumberless,
Grant me tranquillity,
Faith and humility.

When joys are leaving me,
And death bereaving me,
My foolish fears allay,
Wipe all my tears away.

From doubt's obscurity,
From sin's impurity,
Oh, set me free by grace,
So shall I see Thy face.

Hymn written for this collection. Harmony by W. S. RODDIE.

23—MIANN AN ANAM—THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

KEY C. (d, r | m : s : s | s : - . l : t | d : l : s | m : m : d, d)

Tha m'inninn-s' an geall a bli (thall thar misg' Ior - dain, Mar ri)
Over Jordan's dark ri - ver my soul ev - er strain - eth, I would

(d : r : m | l : s d : s m | r : d : r . s | m : r : d, r)

Prionnsa na sio - chaint b'e mo mhiann dol 'na chomh - ail. 'Se
fain dwell for ev - er where the Prince of Peace reign - eth. With a

(m : s : s | s : - . l : s . l | d : l : s | m : m : d, d)

cl - bear na freud e, bheir e fein or - ra faie - ill; As ma
shepherd's de - vo - tion God's poor flock He feed - eth, And from

(d : r : m | l : s d : s m | r : d : r | m : r)

h-eil - can - a euainteach ni e'n eun ean His eun ean His eun ean His
far isles of o - cean His lost ones He dhachaidh, leadeth.

Is e killteachd thar chàch
Thug mo ghradh-sa co mòr dha,
'S nuair bhith's e as m'fhanuis,
Tìdh mi cianail, ro-bhronach,
Is e m' ailleagan broillieh,
'S mo charaïd 's m' fhear-pòsd e,
'S e mo bhrathair is sine
Tric is minig 'gam chòmhnuadh.
'S e fear ghabhail mo leith-sgeul
'S a sheasamh mo chòrach,
A phraigheas m' uil' fhiachan
'S ni mo dhion o gach dòrninn;
Tha gach latha mar bhlaidhna
Gus an criochnaich mi m' astar
Gus am bi mi 'na fhanuis
Troimh shiortuidheachd eur beachd air.

All His graces are peerless,
And my love they awaken;
But my spirit is cheerless,
By His presence forsaken.
For my Saviour most gracious
Is my Husband most tender;
My heart's Treasure most precious,
Brother, Friend and Defender.

By His strong intercessions
Peace and pardon He gave me,
And He bore my transgressions,
From their vileness to save me.
Now my faith would enfold Him
Where sin cannot sever;
For I long to behold Him
For ever and ever.

Gaelic words from a hymn by Mrs CLARK of Torra-dhannah, Badenoch. Tune noted down for this collection

24—LEANABH AN AIGH—CHILD IN THE MANGER.



KEY E⁷. { d : m : s | d : - : - | r : - : - | t : l : s | l : - : - | s : - : - | d : r : m | s : - : - }
 Leanabh an à - - - - - aigh! Leanabh bh'aig Mai - ri; Rugadh an stà - - - - -
 Child in the man - - - - - ger! Infant of Ma - ry; Outcast and stran - - - - -



{ I : - : - | s : m : d | r : - : - | - : - : - | s : m : s | d : - : - | l : - : - | s : m : d |
 bull, Righ nan dùl! Thainig do'n fhàs - - - - - ach, Dh'Thuitiling 'nar
 ger, Lord of all! Child who inher - - - - - its All our trans-



{ d : - : - | r : - : - | m : r : m | s : - : - | l : - : - | r : m : r | d : - : - | - : - : - |
 n-ait - e Son' iad an air - - - - - eamh Bhitheas dha | dluh!
 gres - sions, All our demer - - - - - its On Him fall!

Ged a blitheas leanaban
 Aig righrean na talmhainn,
 'N greadh-machas garbh
 'Us anabarr muirn,
 'S gearr gus am falbh iad
 'S fasaidh iad annhuinn,
 An ailleachd 's an dealbh
 A searg' 'san uir.

Cha b' ionann's an t-Uan
 A thainig g'ar fuaigleadh,
 Iriosal stuaama,
 Ghluais e'n tus;
 E naomh gun truailleachd,
 Cruithfhear an t-stuaigh,
 Dh' eirich e suas
 Le buaidh o'n uir.

So leanabh an aigh,
 Mar dh' athiris na faidhean,
 'S na h-ainglean ard,
 B' e mianan an sul;
 'S e's airidh ar gradh
 'S ar n' urram thoirt dha;
 Is sona an aireannu
 Bhitheas dha dluh.

Monarchs have tender
 Delicate children,
 Nourished in splendour,
 Proud and gay;
 Death soon shall banish
 Honour and beauty,
 Pleasure shall vanish,
 Forms decay.

But the most holy
 Child of Salvation,
 Gently and lowly
 Lived below;
 Now as our glorious
 Mighty Redeemer,
 See Him victorious
 O'er each foe.

Prophets foretold Him—
 Infant of wonder;
 Angels behold Him
 On His throne;
 Worthy our Saviour
 Of all their praises,
 Happy for ever
 Are His own.

Gaelic words from the hymn by Mrs. M. MACDONALD, Mull (Mairi Dhughallach, bean Neill Dhomhnuillach ann an Ard Tunna).

25—AONACHD RI CRIOSD—UNION WITH CHRIST.

KEY f: d | m : - : r | d : t : l | d : - : r | m : - : f | s : - : r | m : - : d |

B. I've ^{sun} an ^{cean} - gal ^{caomh} - ail ^{caoin}, Ni ^{thu} ad ^{aon} ri
Oh hap - py bond! oh ho - ly tryste! If thou and Christ art

FINE.

| r : - : d | m : - : r | d : t : l | d : - : r | m : - : f | s : - : r | m : - : r | d : - |

Criod! Air chor's gu'm bi ^{thu} reir a ghine 'Sgu meal thu e gu flor.
one, His na - ture and His power divine Made thine while a - ges run.
Is leat a mhaist' ts u - ram ard, Is leat gun chaird a ghloir.
His glor - y bright and beau - ty rare, And joy that ne'er shall dim.

D.S.

| m | s : - : s | s : l : f | s : - : f | m : - : r | m : s : f | m : - : d | r : - |

Air dhuit bhi pos - da ri Mac Dhe, 'S leat fein a shaibhreas mor,
If mar - ried to God's Son, thou hast Heaven's treasures vast with Him;

Is leis-san d' fhiachan is cha leat-s'
Aon pheacadh rinn thn rianuh;
Do chionta nile thog e uait
Le dhioladh buadhach fior.
Gach teasaiginn, gach dion is gaol
Bheir daoin' d' an ecile graidh,
Bheir Criod sin duit-s' is tuille fos
Ri d' bheo le cridhe blath.

Nuair sheasas tu le aoibhneas ard
An la'ir a Bheithheimh choir,
'N sin thig do bhinn a mach gu caoin,
O d' charaid gaoil, d' shear posd'.
Nuair chi thu ardachadh d' thir posd',
D'a ghloir is leat-sa roinn,
Co-ghloir, co-shonas is co-naill,
'S thu fuaighe ris mar cho-oughr'?

Cha bhi na h-aingle 's binne elin
Co dluth ri Criod riut fein;
Is ceile thus', is oglach iads'
Gu d' riarrachadh gu leir.
Chain fhac thu chaoidh am measg nan sluaigh
Eibhios shuas an sud gu h-ard
Aon nasal mar do charaid gaoil
Ta aonaicht riut tre ghras.

Thou hast brought Him but pain and loss,
For on the cross He paid
The hopeless debt that thou hast owed;
Thy load on Him was laid.
With all the sympathy and love
A man may give his bride,
Thy Lord shall make, while ages roll,
Thy soul be satisfied.

And when before God's throne thou art,
Shall not thy heart rejoice
Thy gracious sentence there to hear
In thy dear Husband's voice?
In all that shall thy Spouse exalt,
Thou shalt possess a share;
Thou hast in all His hopes a part,
And art His fellow-heir.

Thou, nearer than the angel band,
On His right hand shalt be;
Thou art His bride in queenly state,
And they but wait on thee.
Oh, never shalt thou see among
That glorious throng above
One half so fair or good as He
Who gave to thee His love.

From hymn by Dr. MACGREGOR;

26—AM MEANGAN—THE BRANCH.

KEY f: d

F. **O** bho nn le - se bhr ist a mach am faillean gasda ur, Am flor chr ann uaine }

From Jesse's root a love - ly shoot, a Branch of beauty grew; And bright was seen its

{ m : - .r | d : t, | d : - .r | m : - d | m : - .r | l, : t, | d : - - : d | l, : t, | d : r }

{ m : - .fe | s : - .f | m : - .r | m : fe | s : - - : m | s : - .l | s : f | m : - .fe | s : - .m, r }

{ taghta luachmhor, 's airidh e air cliu, Am Meangan nasal torrach buadh'or }

glorious sheen, its graceful form and hue; Its leaves were fair, its fruit was rare, and

{ l, : t, | d : r | m : - - : m | d : t, | l, : t, | d : - .r | m : - .s, f | m : r, d | l, : - .t, | d : - - }

{ 's e gach uair fo dhriuchd, A gheugan dosrach sin - te suas, 's iad tarruing uaithé stiugh. }

sweet it was to view Its branches wide on ever - y side refreshed with heaven's dew.

'Se so an ceann am measg nan crann, air ardachadh gu mor,
Faillean, sugh'or, maiseach, cubhraiddh, taitneach,
urar, og, Aluinn, ciataich, 's e ro sgiamhach, miannaicht air gach doigh,
Gun fheachd no fiaraidh, ruaidh no crionadh, gun ghaoid, no giamh, no go.

Crann ro-phrisceil, miann na fridhe, 's e gu direach fas,
E air sineadh mach a gheutach 's iad gu leir fo bhlath,
Nach mothach tart mu am an teas, nach searg 's nach crion gu brath,
Air nisge seimh tha e 'na thamh, 's cha tioramaich mheud an trasg.

Tha amhaimn fior-ghlan ruith m'a chriocheaibh dh' fhior-uisg shoilleir, beo,
Cur subhachas an eridh gach aon a gheibh di taom-fri ol,
Tha slaint' is urach 'na dhuiileach cubhraiddh do'n anam bruit' fo leon,
Beatha is ioc-shlaint dhaibh fo'n iarguinn, s gheibh dream gun luths uaithe treoir.

Meangan cluiteach 's e air luhadh le ur-mheas chum an lar,
Toirt toradh trom gach am 'sa bhliadh', 's gu siorruidh a toirt fuis,
Tha e brioghor 's mor a mhilseachd anns gach linn is al,
'S gach eun tha glan am measg na coill' gheibh iad fo'n chraobh so sgail.

Oh, this shall be of every tree the first and most renowned,
Grandly swelling, sweetly smelling, fresh, and straight,
and sound;
For evermore its living store of graces shall abound,
And no decay or blemish may in all its boughs be found.

A princely stem, the forest's gem, it ever fairly grows,
Its branches broad beneath a load of blossoms far it throws;
When suns are hot it withers not, no drought or thirst it knows,
But beareth fruit, for at its root the living water flows.

That river clear, that floweth near with current pure and bright,
Alone imparts to human hearts a sorrowless delight;
These leaves make whole the wounded soul, and give the weary might,
Bestowing wealth of life and health instead of pain and blight.

This goodly shoot with golden fruit is down from heaven weighed;
Throughout the year its fruits appear, its bloom shall never fade;
To every race it yieldeth grace with vigour undecayed,
And cool retreat for warblers sweet beneath its pleasant shade.

Words from a beautiful hymn by Mrs CAMERON, Rannoch.

27—LA BHREITHEANAS—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

KEY f: 1.,s | f : r : m, r, m | d : r : r, m | f : s : m, r, m | f : -l : l, s | l : f : m, r, m |

C. (O anam, gu curam Nis ditisg a - gus smuanich Nuair thig Leomhan threubh

Rouse, O soul, from thy langour! When thou seest ap - pear - ing Judah's Li - on in

{ d : r : l, s | l : f : l, s, f | m : -r : l, t | d' : r' : t, l, t | l : f : l, t }

{ Judah, 'N tig thu dluh dha gun uamhas? 'M faod do chridhe bhi Iadir, No do

anger, Wilt thou meet Him unfear - ing? Shall thy heart still be boldest, And thy

{ d' : r' : t, l, t | d' : -r' : d', r' | m' : r' : t, l, t | d' : l : d', t | l : f : l, s, f | m : -r }

{ lamb a bhi buadhach Nuair a chi thu 'na ghoir e 'S aingle gloir-mhor mu'n euairt da? }

proud arm be rearing, When Iis power thou be - hold - est, Whom the heavens are re - ver - ing?

Cluinn an trompaid 'ga seideadh,
'S fuain nan speur a dol thairis;
Tha na mairbh nis toirt geill da,
'S iad ag eiridh o'n talamh;
Nis dh' fhosgail na h-naighean,
'S bhruchd an sluagh asd' gu h-ealamh,
'S thug e'm follais an sluagh sin
Bha 'na cuaintean am falach.

Tha mile tairn'each ag eigheach,
'N sluagh gu leir tha ri faire,
'S leis an fuainam th'auns na speuraibh,
Chirith gach creutair air thalamh;
'N cuan 's na tonnain a beucailch,
'S bonn nan stleibhean air carach,
'S cridhe dhaoine 'g an treigseann,
Ach e' ait' an teid iad 'g am falach?

Ach, anam, ma fhuaire thu
Fuil an Uain gu do shaoradh,
Na biadh do chridhe 'gad fhaillinn
Cluinninn caranmh an t-saoghal.
'N Ti 's an do chuir thu do dhochas,
'S e sud a ghoir tha 'g a taomadh,
'S e sud na tuilean a chual thu
Thig air an t-sluagh nach tug gaol da.

Hark! the trumpet-sound blending
With the flame's wild explosion;
See! the dead are ascending,
Yielding lowly devotion!
Graves unnumbered restore them,
All earth's dust is in motion,
And the dark depths outpour them
From the caves of the ocean!

Thousand thunders are rolling,
And mankind is awaking;
Under sounds so appalling
All earth's creatures are quaking.
Ocean's billows are boiling,
Mighty mountains are shaking,
And men's hearts back recoiling,
Every hope is forsaking.

But if Christ's blood avail thee,
O my soul, for ablation,
Let thy heart never fail thee
In earth's final confusion.
See thy Saviour come glorious,
He who gave absolution,
And His right arm, victorious,
Gives His foes retribution.

From hymn by Rev. P. GRANT.

28—GAIRDEACHAS—JOY.

KEY G. C. (1 : 1, ta | 1 : 1, s : m, s | 1 : 1, 1 : d, d | 1 : s, m : s, ta | 1 : -.)
 O'sann tha'n solas aig dream fhuaire co - las Air neach cho gloirmhor ri aon Mhae Dhe!
 Oh, sweetest joy without stint or measure, The love of Je - sus to earth come down!

(1 : ta, l | s : m, s : 1, d | ta : 1, 1 : d, r | m : m, m : m, r | r : -.)
 Cha uithean feolmhor ri'm beil an doch - as Ach crun na gloir ann an rioghachd neimh.
 Oh, poor to us were earth's richest treasure, Who hope to wear an immortal crown.

(1 : d, r | m : m, m : m, r | r : d, l : d, r | m : d, d : d, l | d : -.)
 Bubhochdan storas leogleann nan deoir so, 'S nabheil de dh'oир anns a chruinne- che;
 A poor posses - sion were all ere - a - tion And all the wealth that the world contains,

(1 : s, s | m : s, l : d, t | d : r, d : t, d | m : s, l : d, t | l : -.)
 Tha'n eridhe deonach bli thall air Iordan, A seinn an orain d'an d'thing iad speis.
 All mean and meagre to spirits ea - ger For heaven's glo - ries and joyful strains.

O a bhrathraibh nach dean sibh gaird'cheas,
 Annus gach sarach thig oirbh fo'n ghrain?
 Togaibh Hosanna do'n Ti a bhàsaich,
 Tha chlin air ardach' os ciomh nan neamh;
 'S muair a chiuimhicheas sibh air fhàbhor
 Le eridhe blath thugaibh dhasan geill;
 Tha e am Pàrras mar fhior bhrathair,
 Ag ullach àit dhuiibh 'na rioghachd fein.

'S e clann Shioin a chuideachd rioghail
 Aig am bheil sith ris an Ti is aird,
 'S bheir e tearruint' iad as gach trioblaid
 'S bith' e'n a dhidean dhaibh aig a bhàis.
 Cha chunn am bàs iad, 's cha chum an uaigh iad,
 Thug esan buaidh air na gaisgich threun,
 Is amhluidh shaoras e fos a shluagh uath'
 Is bheir e suas iad gu rioghachd fein.

Oh, then, rejoice with glad voices ringing,
 In all your sufferings extol His name,
 To Him who died, your hosannas singing
 Whose praise the angels of God proclaim.
 Think on the favour of Christ, our Saviour,
 Obey with gladness His least command;
 Our form He beareth, while He prepareth
 Our happy home in His Father's land.

For Sion's sons are a royal nation,
 The chosen friends of the Lord most High;
 He shall redeem them from tribulation,
 And when life leaves them, His love is nigh.
 Death cannot chain them, nor grave restrain them,
 For these are conquered by Jesus' might;
 He shall deliver His own for ever,
 And make them glad in His home of light.

Gaelic words by Rev. P. GRANT. The melody is that used in GRANT's own district, Strathspey.

29—AN FHOIS SHIORRUIDH—THE REST ETERNAL.

KEY f: 1 | d : - : r | m : - : - | d : - : r | m : - : d | f : - : - | r : - : r | d : - : r | m : - : - |

G. { Nach so - na suaimh - | neach an sluagh a | dh' flag sinn, Theich as gach truaigh }

The hap - py dead whom the Lord hath tak - en, Have rest for ev -

{ m : - : f | m : - : d | r : - : - | r : - : 1 | d : - : r | m : - : - | d : - : r | m : - : d }

{ 's a chaidh suas gu | Par - ras; Lean iad an t-Uan | 's iad air chuairt 's an }

er from sin and sad - ness; They followed Christ, and were not for -

{ f : - : - | r : - : m | f : - : s | l : - : - | s : - : f | m : - : r | d : - : - | d : - }

{ fhas - ach, Is dh' flag sud suaimh - | neach aig uair a | bhais iad. }

sak - en, And now they share in immort - al glad - ness.

'S e'n fhuil chaidh dhortadh thug coir tre ghras
Air beo-dhochas nach deach' a narach'; [dhaibh
Thug fuit an Uain tuille's bnaidh na 'm bäs dhaibh
'S ged fhuair an naigh iad bi 'n leabaidh thamh i.

Nuair chur iad cùl ris gach duil fo'n gheuin so'
Dh' fhosgail an suil ann an dùthach neamhaidh
Seinn halleluiah, 's a chliu 'n am beul-san,
'S tha saoghal ur dhaibh a nis air eiridh.

Tha fois o'n t-saoghal 's o chorp a bhàis ac',
O chiont' 's o dhaorsa 's o eagal traileil,
'S o ana-miannaih mi-rianaill làdir,
'S o smuaintean diomhain bha rianh 'gan sarach.

Nis tha'm Fear-posd' ac' 's iad beo le lathareachd
'S iad nis cho sgiamhach 's bu mhiann le'n cairdean;
Tha slàinte as ùr tigh'nn o ghluais an Ard-Righ,
'S iad sona suaimhneach gun luaidh air bäs ac'.

For when He gave them a hope so glorious,
They placed their souls in His gracious keeping;
Through Jesus' blood over death victorious,
Their flesh in grave is but softly sleeping.

When to their eyes all this world was darkened,
Their spirits entered on scenes surprising;
To halleluiah with joy they hearkened,
And saw heaven's glories around them rising.

They have no sickness, nor sore, nor sighing,
Nor thirst, nor hunger, nor wants distress them;
No death nor sorrow, nor care nor crying,
But peace eternal to soothe and bless them.

They have the Bridegroom, beloved and precious,
The love He giveth their souls adorning;
Their hearts rejoice in His smile most gracious,
And sing the sweetness of heaven's morning.

Gaelic words from the hymn by Rev. P. GRANT.

30—AN CATH—THE CONFLICT.

KEY (d | d ,m : s ,l | s ,m : m ,r | d ,m : l ,r | d : -l | d ,s : l ,m)

B7. Is iomadh comhrag, s'reup is stri Do'n chreidmheach thamh dual; Tha naimhdeas ifrionn.

Through many a sorrow, strife and storm, Must Christian pilgrims pass; For powers of ill in

{ s ,m : m ,r | d ,m : s ,l | d : -d | r ,m : s ,l | s ,m : d ,t , }

ail le spid, 'Ga rnith gach mir dhe chuairt; Is buairidhean bho'n t-sloc is isl' A

every form Their upward course harass; When hell's temptations fast ascend, Their

{ l ,s : r ,m | s : -m | l ,l : m ,r | d ,l ,s ,d | m ,f : l ,r | d : - }

lot a chri' gu cruaidh, Ach bheire buaidh 'san rnaig 'ga crich, Fo bhratach caoin an Uain.

bosom often bleeds, But they shall conquer in the end, Who march where Jesus leads.

Is lionmhor cath, is gleachd, is duaidh,
Is buille bhualadh dhòrn,
Is amhgar, trioblaid, teinn is truaigh,
Tha dhaibh an dual 's an fheòil;
Ach armachd Dhè bheir dhaibh a bhuaidh
'S thig iad an uachdar beò,
'S trid neart an Ti riunn sith dhaibh suas
Bi' gaisge chruaidh 'nan treòir.

Tha buairidhean a teachd bho'n nàmh
Air iomadh fath mu'n cuairt,
Mar dhiachainn theinteach bhios 'gan cràdh
'S a toirt dhaibh tairè cruaidh;
Oha nochd e caoimhneas dhaibh no làigh,
'S gun iochd 'na ghnaths, no truas,
Ach chum an dearbhadh anns gach càs
Bheir iad tre ghràs làn bhuaidh.

What weary conflicts fierce and long,
What sudden strokes of pain,
What trouble and distress and wrong
Must Christian hearts sustain!
But when in God's own armour clad,
Though foes their path assail,
His mighty strength shall make them glad,
And they shall still prevail.

When sore temptations surge and swell
Around the Christian race,
Assaults of sin and thoughts from hell
That torture and abase,
These cruel foes on every side
The man of God must face,
And he shall be a soldier tried,
And conqueror through grace.

Gaelic words from the hymn by JOHN MORRISON (Ian Moirison a bha anns na Hearadh)

31—SMEIDEADH OIRNN—BECKONING.

KEY F. 1 : - .s | m : - | 1 : - .s | m : - | 1 : d | t | d | 1 : - .s | m : - |

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn! Ole 'us math a' smeideadh oirnn!

Beckoning, beckoning! Good and evil beckoning!

1 : - .f | m : r | d : r | m : - .d | 1 : s | m : r | d : t | 1 : - |

Bi mar iuil dhuinn, Dhia nam feart, A chum 's nach fag sinn slighean ceart.

Be our guide, O God of truth, And save us from the snares of youth.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Sugraidh 'n t-saoghalh smeideadh oirnn ;
 Caisg 's a chridhe mianntan cearr,
 'Us aom ar ruinteann chum na's fearr.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Maoin 'us cliu a' smeideadh oirnn ;
 Cum sinn umhail, saor o naill,
 A chum 's nach fas ar cridhe cruidh.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Tuigse 's eolas smeideadh oirnn ;
 Teagaig sinn, a chum 's nach claoen
 Ar n-inntinn dh' ionnsmill bheachdan faoin.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Gradh 'us seirc a' smeideadh oirnn ;
 Deonaich dhuinn na h-aigne caomh
 A ghradhais an cinne-daoin.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Iosa, 'n Slanuighear, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Treorach sinn gu erich ar cuairt
 A chum 's gu'm bi sinn leis-san shuas.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Worldly pleasures beckoning ;
 Let us ne'er be led astray,
 But keep us in the heavenly way.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Wealth and fame are beckoning ;
 May our youthful hearts abide
 Untouched by discontent or pride.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Truth and wisdom beckoning ;
 Teach us, Lord, and let us be
 From ignorance and folly free.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Grace and love are beckoning ;
 Grant us, Lord, a lowly mind
 And tender heart for all mankind.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 See our Saviour beckoning ;
 Lead us, Lord, till life be past,
 That we may live with Him at last.

Children's Hymn. Gaelic words by M. MACFARLANE.

32.—NA SLEIBHTEAN—THE MOUNTAINS.

KEY F. 

{ m : - : r | d : t : l : l : d : - : r | m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : s | m : - : r | d : t : l : l : d : - : r }
 Sith, mar dhoineadh na fainge, Comhdach carraig is torr—
 { Neamh istalamh, 'n an tamh'air
 Sith, mar aigean neo-chriochnach
 Palm and still are the mountains, Peace hath here her a - bode,
 Heav'n and earth are repos - ing
 Si - lence - solemn, un - broken, Deep and vast as the sea, As the measureless o - cean

D.C.

{ m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : - | d : - : m | s : l : s | s : - : s | m : - : s | s : l : s | s : - : - }
 Sabaid shoinneanta Dhé, Cuam na stiornidhneachd moir,
 { Dhia, a chruthaich na sleibhtean, Tha do-leirsimeach dlùth,
 In the Sabbath of God. } Lord, who madest the mountains, Thou art here though unseen;
 Of e - ter - nity. }

{ l : - : t | d' : t : l : l : - : d' | l : - : s | m : r : m | l : - : - | d' : - : t | l : s : f | m : - : m }
 Thoir do m' anam bhi siochadh, Thoir do m' spiorad bhi ciuin. { O! an sith thà'n ad Ràthair,
 Give me also this calmness, Make my spirit serene. } Oh, the peace of Thy presence,

{ l : - : r | r : d : r | m : - : s | l : - : l | s : m : r | d : - : r | m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : - }
 taladh' mulaidh o'n chridh'— Deònaich dhomhla's'n a lanachd { Sith 'n ad lathair gu sior.
 Where all sorrow shall cease! Let me now and for e - ver Find Thine in - fi - nite peace.

'S laidir seasmhach na sleibhtean,
 Treun neo-choachlaideach riamh;
 Fluair iad neart am bun-àite
 'S mòrachd illail o Dhia.
 O! is maiseach na sleibhtean,
 'G eiridh suas gu m' neimh;
 Bhean do mheòir riù is fluair iad
 Bhuats' an ailneachd 's an sgeimh.
 Neart, is maise, is siochaint,
 Lionadh strath agus beum,
 Aiteal għlan o do ghloir-sa,
 Dril o d' oirdhearsa fein.
 Theid na sleibhtean so thaùis,
 Ach 's bnan-mhaireannach Dia,
 'S nochlaidh esan nuadha għolir dhuuñ
 Bhios sim moladh gu sior.

Strong and steadfast, the mountains
 Feel no changes of time,
 God did lay their foundations,
 He hath made them sublime.
 He hath clothed them with beauty,
 Sweet and lovely and rare,
 By the touch of His fingers
 They are heavenly fair.
 Peace and power and beauty
 Vale and mountain disclose,
 Dimly showing His glory
 From whose hand they arose.
 When the mountains have vanished
 He shall live evermore,
 Still revealing new glories
 While we praise and adore.

This beautiful melody belongs to one of ROB DONN'S elegies. The words are by L. M.

PART III.

Gaelic Psalmody.

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1.- COLESHILL.

Precentor.

Congregation.

Key { *:m .s | l :-l | t :s | l :t | l :- | 1 :s | s ,l :s | m .s :l d* }

C. *Mo shui - le to - gam suas a chum. Mo shui - le*
I to the hills will lift mine eyes. I to the

to - gain suas a chum. Nam beann o'n tig mo neart,
hills will lift mine eyes. From whence doth come mine aid,

Cong.

1 .d :r | r :m :r | d :r :m | d :1 | s ,l :d | d :- |
Nam beann o'n tig mo neart.
From whence doth come mine aid.

Precentor.

Cong.

{ *:l .d | r :-d | r :d | r :-m | r | d :r :d | 1 ,d :r | r :m :r | d :r :m* }

O'n Dia rinn tal-anh ag - us neamh, O'n Dia rinn
My safe - ty com-eth from the Lord, My safe - ty

tal - amh ag - us neamh, Ta m'fhurtachd ui - le teachd,
com - eth from the Lord, Who heaven and earth hath made,

Cong.

d :1 | s :- | s ,l :d | r :m :r | d :t .1 ,s | 1 :- |
Ta m'fhurt - achd ui - le teachd.
Who heaven and earth hath made.

2.- FRENCH.

Precursor.

Congregation.

Key F. { *f | m :- f | s :- m | s :- l, s | m, s : (m, r) | d :- | d, r : m | f : m | r, m, f : s* }
 Is toigh leam Dia, air-son gu'n d'eisd,
 I love the Lord, because my voice,
 Is toigh leam
 I love the

{ *m, f : s | f, m : r, m | d, r : m | r, m, f : s, l, s | m, f : m : r, m : r | d, r, m, f : s, l, s | m, f : s :-* }
 Dia, air - son - gu'n
 Lord, be - cause my
 d'eisd, voice,

Prec.

Cong.

{ *f | m :- f | s :- l, s | m, s : (m, r) | m, f : s, l, s | f | m : r, m, s | r : m | r, d : m, r* }
 Ri'm'ghuth's rim'uir-nigh fös,
 And pray - ers He did hear,
 Ri'm' ghuth
 And pray -

{ *d :- | l, d : r, d, l | s, d, r, m, f | s, l, s | d : r | m :- | r :- | d :-* }
 's rim'uir - - - nigh fös
 ers He did hear,
 hear,

Prec.

Cong.

{ *f | m :- f | s :- m | s :- l, s | m, s : (m, r) | s, : l | d', t, : l | s, l, :- | t | d', t, : l, t, : l* }
 A chionn gu'n d'aome ruim a chluas, A chionn
 I, while I live, will call on Him, I, while

{ *s, :- | s, :- | t, d', t, : l, s | s, :- | m, f : s, l | s, f, m | r, m, f | s, l, s | d, m, :- | f | s, :-* }
 gu'n d'aom e riun a on chluas,
 I live, will call on Him,

Prec.

Cong.

{:f | m:-f | s:-l,s | m.s:(m.r) | m,,f:s .l s f|m :r.m,s | r :m | r .d :m .r }
Sior eigh-eam ris - rim' bheo. *Sior* *eigh -*
Who bowed to me His ear. *Who* *bowed*

{| d :-|l|,d :r,d .l| s :d ,r .m ,f | s ,l :s | d :r | m :-| r :-|d :-|}
eam ris - - - rim' *bheo.*
to me His ear.

3.- ST. DAVID'S.

Key D.

{| d :-|f :-| m :-|s :-| 1 :-|d :-| f :-|s :1 | m :-|s :-| f :-|s :-| m :-|:-| r :-|:-|}
O thug - aibh mol - adh mòr do Dhia,
Give praise and thanks un - to the Lord,

{| d :-|f :-| m :-|s :-| d :-|r :m | f :-|:-|s | s :-|l :-| s :-|:-|:-|}
Is buidh - each - as far - aon,
For bount - i - ful is He;

{| s :-|ta:-| 1:-|:-s | f :-|s :1 | s :-|:-m | d :-|:-m | f :-|s :-| m :-|:-| r :-|:-|}
Oir tha e maith, mair - idh gu brath
His tend - er mer - ey doth en - dure

{| s :-|:-m | d :-|r :-| f :-|s :f | m :-|:-x | d :-|r | m :r | d :-|:-|:-|}
A throc - air gras - inhoir caoin.
Un - to e - ter - nit - y.

4.- DUNDEE.

Prec.

Cong.

{ :d' | t :l .l | l :l .t | d' :— | d' | t | l .t ,l :s | s :1 .d' | l .s :1 ,t }
 A bhoi d mar gheall ar i. A bhoi d
 All flesh shall come to Thee. All flesh

{ 1 :— | m ,s .1 :t ,1 .s | s :1 .s ,f | m .f :s .1 | s :1 | :— |
 mar gheall - - - ar i.
 shall come to Thee.

5.- NEW LONDON.

Key Eb.

{ d :| m :— | m :— | s :— | d :| m :— | d :— | l :— | s :— | s :1 | d : | d :— | t :— | l :— | t :— |
 Le guth mo bheoil trath eigh - eam riut;
 O Lord, give ear un - to my voice,

{ s :— | l :— | s :— | d' :— | m :— | s :— | l :— | s :— | r :— | m :r | d :— | :— |
 Thoir eisd - eachd domh, a Dhe,
 When I do cry to Thee;

{ s :— | l :— | d' :— | t :— | l :— | t :— | l :— | s :— | s :— | l :— | s :— | l :— | s :— | r :— | m :— |
 Le iochd dean troc - air orm, is foir,
 Up - on me al - so mer - ey have,

{ m :— | s :— | s :— | l :— | l :— | d' :— | :— | m :— | r :— | d | d :— | r | m :r | d :— | :— |
 Gu gras - mhoir freag - air mi.
 And do Thou an - swer me.

6.- ELGIN.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key G. { :r | r :r | r :m | f :s .f | m :- | r :m, f | m :- | r :m, f | m :- | r :d | r ,m :f }

Le'r cluasaibh chuala sinn, a Dhé, Le'r cluas - aibh
O God, we with ourears havcheard, O God, we

Prec. *Cong.*

{ f :s | l.s, l:s | s :f | s ,l:s | s ,l:s.f | m ,l:r | r :m | f s f .m r m:r | d :r | m :- |

chual - a sinn, a have Dhe,
with our ears heard,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :r | r :r.m | f :s .f | m :- | r :f :m | r ,f :s | s :l | s | m ,s :r }

Ar sinn - sir chuir an ceil, Ar sinn - -
Our fu - thers have us told, Our fa - -

Prec. *Cong.*

{ r :m | f s f .m r m:r | r :m | f s f .m r m:r | r :d | r ,m :r | d :r | m :- |

sir chuir an ceil,
thers have us told,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m :r | r :r | f :r .f | s :- | l :s | l.s :f | f :s | l :s | s :f | s ,l:s }

Na gniomhar - a a rinn-eadh leat, Na gniomh - ar - -
What works Thou in their days hadst done, What works Thou

Prec. *Cong.*

{ s .f ,s :l | s | m ,s :r | r :m | f s f .m r m:r | r :m | f s f .m r m:r | s :l | s | m ,s :r | d :r | m :- |

a a rinn - - eadh leat,
in their days hadst done.

Prec. Cong.

{:r | r :r .m | f :s .f | m:-|| r ,f :m | r ,f :s | s :l ,s | m ,s :r |
Nan aim-sir fad o chein. Nan aim - - -
Ev'n in the days of old. Ev'n in

{:r :m | f s f.m r m:r | r :m | f s f.m r m:r | r :d | r ,m:r | d :r | m :-||
sir fad o chein.
the days of old.

7.—MARTYRS.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key D. { :l | l :l | l :l | l :t | l :- | r :m | f :s . f | r . m :f | s :- | s :l | s . l , s :f | }

Os - nai' a phriosan-aich ad lath'r, Os - naidh a
O let the pris'ners' sighs a-scend O let the

Prec. Cong.

{:l | l :l .s | f :s | s :l || 1 :s | 1 ,t :d | 1 .d :t | 1 .t ,1 :s |
Thigeadh a Dhé nam feart. Thig - - - eadh
Be - before Thy sight, on high. Be - - - fore

{:s :1 ..t | d :t | 1 .d :t | 1 ,t :1 | t .d :t .r | m .r | d :t | d :t .1 ,s | 1 : - |
a *Dhé* *nam* *feart.*
Thy *sight,* *on* *high.*

8.- STILT.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key G. { *:f | m :f | s :s | s :l | s :m |* { *d :r ,m | f :- | f :s | l :s | f :m | r ,m :f |* {

O Dhia a ta mi'geigheach riut; O Dhia a
O Lord, I un-to Thee do cry; O Lord, I

{ *f :s | l ,s ,l ,s :f | f :m | r ,m :f | m ,f :s | f :m | r :m | r :d | r :- |* {

ta mi'geigh - - each riut,
un - - - to Thee do cry,

9.- FRENCH.

(ROSS-SHIRE VERSION).

Precentor.

Key F. { :f | m :f | s :-.s | s :l | s :f.r | d ,r:m | m : | f :m | r ,m:f |
 Is toigh leam Dia, air - son gu'n d'eisd
 I love the Lord be - cause my voice

Congregation.

| m :f | s :l | s ,f | m :r ,m:r : | d ,r,m:r | r ,m,r:d | d ,r,m:r ,d | r ,m : |
 Dia, air - son gu'n d'eisd
 Lord be - cause my voice

Precentor.

| :s | s :s | s :l | s : | f (m) | m ,f | s | l ,s :f:m | d ,r : | m :d ,m ,r |
 Rim' ghuth 's rim' uir-nigh fós,
 And pray - ers He did hear,

Cong.

| d : | d ,r:m | m :-.f ,m | r ,m ,r:d | l ,d : | : | : |
 's rim uir - - nigh fós,
 ers He did hear,

Precentor.

| :s | s :s | s :s | s :s | l : | s :l | d : | l ,d : | t :l | t ,l ,t ,l :s | s : |
 A chiong u'nd'aome rium a chluas A chionn gu'n
 I, while I live, will call on Him I, while I

| s :l | s ,l :t ,l | s :l | s ,f | m ,f ,s :l | s ,f | m :r | m ,s :l | s | s : | : |
 d'aom e rium a chluas,
 live, will call on Him,

Prec.

Cong.

{ s s s :l s :f (m) m ,f :s l s ,f :m d .x :l m :d m ,r
 Sior eigh-eam ris ri m' bheo. Sior eigh - - -
 Who bowed to me His ear. Who bowed

d :— d ,r :m m :— f ,m | r .m ,x :d l ,d :— l :
 eam ris rim' His - - - bheo.
 to me His ear.

10.- OLD LONDON.

Precentor.

Congregation.

Key A. { r | r :r | r :m | f :s ,f :m | r ,m :f ,m | f ,m :r :m | r ,m :f ,m | f ,m :r :m | r ,m :f ,m | f ,m :r :m |
 O'n doimhne, O Ie-ho-bhah Dhé, On doimh - - ne,
 Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried, Lord, from the

r ,m :f ,m | f ,m :r :m | r :m :r | d :— l :| d | t ,d ,t ,l :| l ,t :d | r ,m :r | r ,m :f | m ,x ,d :x |
 O depths to Thee I cried,

Prec.

Cong.

{ r .m | f :f f :s ,f :m :— | r ,m :f ,m | f ,m :r :m | r ,m :f ,m | f ,m :r :m |
 Do ghlaodh mi riut-sa suas; Do ghlaodh
 My voice, Lord, do Thou hear; My voice,

r ,m :f ,m | f ,m :r :m | r ,m :f ,m | f ,m :x | r ,m :r | d ,r ,m :x | d ,x | m :— |

mi riut - - - sa Thou suas;
 Lord, do Thou hear;

11.- DUNDEE.

(SUTHERLAND-SHIRE VERSION).

12.- MARTYRDOM.

Precentor.

Key Bb. *Bhi tabh-airt buidh-each-as do Dhia, Bhi tabh airt buidh -*
To ren-der thanks un - to the Lord, To rend - er thanks

Congregation.

each - as do Dhia, 'Sni sár-mhaith mais-each e;
un - to the Lord, It is a come - ly thing;

Cong.

Sni sár - - inhaith mais - each e;
It is a come - ly thing;

Prec.

Bhi tabh-airt cliu, O Thi a's aird', Bhi tabh - airt cliu,
And to Thy name, O Thou Most High, And to Thy name,

Cong.

O Thi a's aird', Do tainm - sa feadh gach-ré.
O Thou Most High, Due praise a - loud to sing.

Prec.

Do tainm - sa feadh gach - ré.
Due praise a - loud to sing.

13.- BANGOR.

Precentor.

Key D. { :f | s :-.s | s :s | l :l | l :s | l :s | f :m | r ,m :s }

Marthog - ras fiadh na sruth - an uisg, Mar thog - ras
Like as the hart for wa - ter brooks, Like as the

Congregation.

| r :m | s ,l :d | r : l ,d :t | l :— | :f | s :-.s | l :l | l :s |

fiadh na sruth-an uisgh, Le buir - each ard gu geur,
hart for wa - ter brooks, In thirst doth pant and bray,

Cong.

{ l :s | s ,l :d | d :t | l :s | m .s :l :t | l :— |

Le buir - eadh ard gu geur,
In thirst doth pant and bray,

Precentor.

{ :f | s :-.s | s :s | l :l | l :s | s ,l :d | r :— | l ,d :r :f |

Mar sin tha m'an-am plos-cart - aich, Mar sin tha
So pants my long-ing soul, O God, So pants my

Cong.

| r :— | r ,m :r ,d | r : l ,d :t | l :— | :f | s :-.s | l :l | l :s |

m'an - am plos - cart - aich. Ag eigh - each riut - sa, Dhe,
long - ing soul, O God. That come to Thee I may,

Cong.

{ s ,l :t ,d | r :— | l :s | f :m | r ,m :s | r :— |

Ag eigh - each riut - sa, Dhe!
That come to Thee I may!

14.—ST. PAUL'S.

Precentor.

Congregation.

Key A. { .l₁ | d :.d | d :l₁ | d :r | d :.d | d :.r :m | r :.d :r | m :.l :r :d | s :.l :l₁ | d ;

Bha aoibh-neas orm trath thubhairt iad, Bha aoibh - neas orm
I joyed when to the house of God, I joyed when to

Prec.

{ d :.r :.m ,r | r :.m :r | d :.l | d :.d :.d | d | d :.d | m .r :d | d :.r ,m |

trath thubh - airt iad, Gutigh Dhe theid sinn suas;
the house of God, Go up, they said to me;

Cong.

{ m :.l :.r :d | r :.l :.m :s | s :.l :.m | f :.l :.m | m :.r :d | r :.l :m : - |

Gu tigh Dhe theid sinn suas;
Go up, they said to me;

Prec.

Cong.

{ .r | d :.d | d :l₁ | d :r | d :.l | d :.m :.r | r :.l :d .r | m :.l :r :m | f :.l :m |

Addhorsaibh, O Ier - us - al - em, Ad dhors - aibh, O
Jer - us - al - em, with - in thy gates, Jer - us - al - em,

Prec.

{ m :.l :.r :.m :r | d :.l :.l | d :.l :.d | d | d :.d | r :d | d :.l |

Ier - us - al - em, Ar cos - a seas-aidh fos.
with - in thy gates, Our feet shall standing be.

Cong.

{ s :.l :.l₁ | d | l₁ :.l :s | f :.l :.m | m :.r :d | r :.l :m .r | d :.l :. - |

Ar cos - a seas - aidh fos.
Our feet shall stand - ing be.

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